

Easter Number

Life

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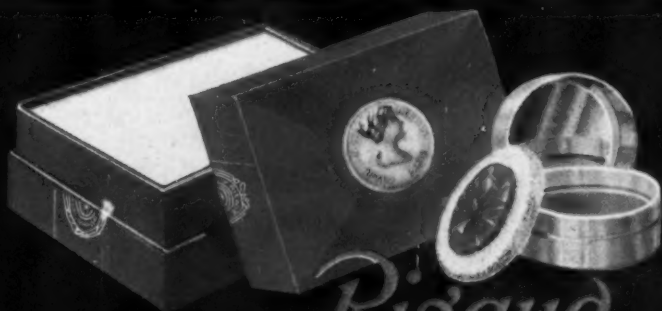
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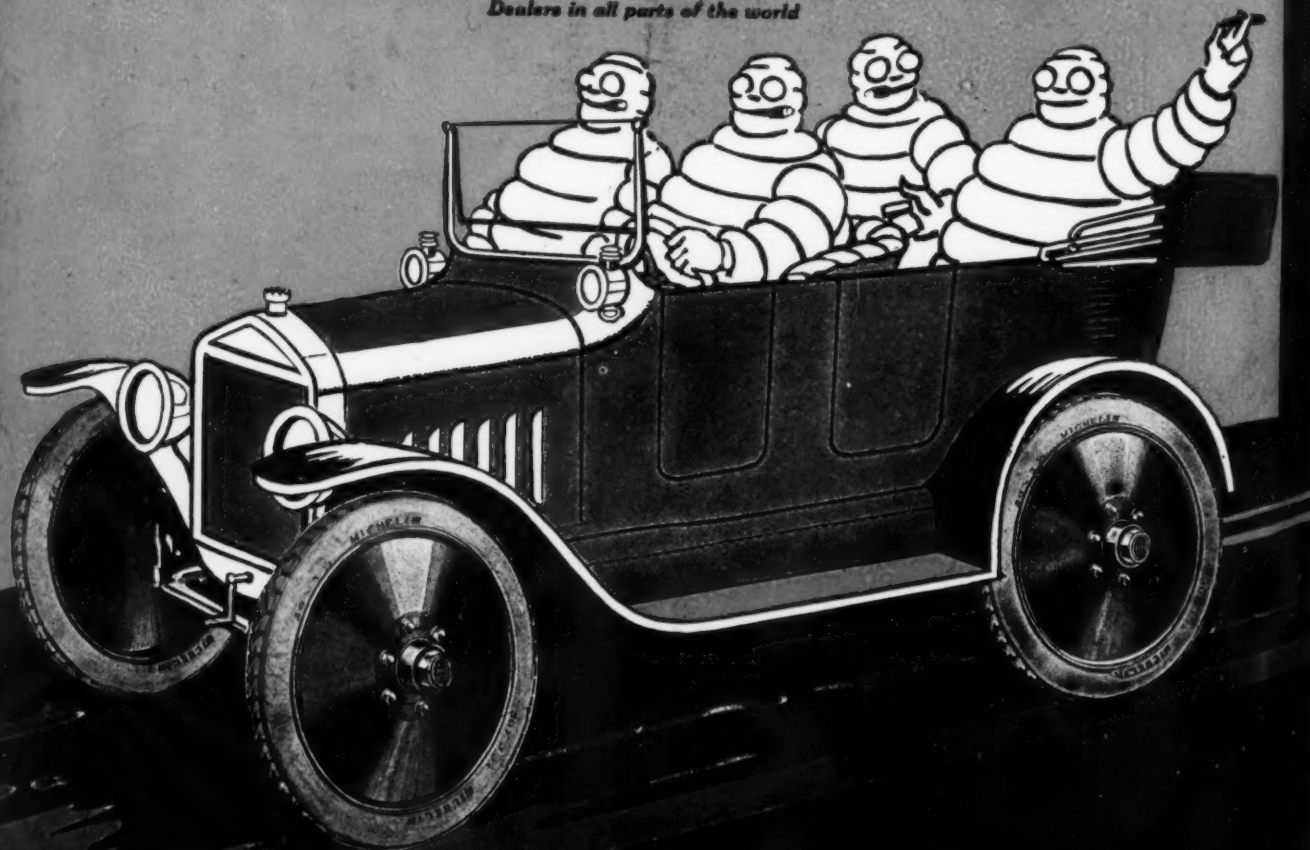
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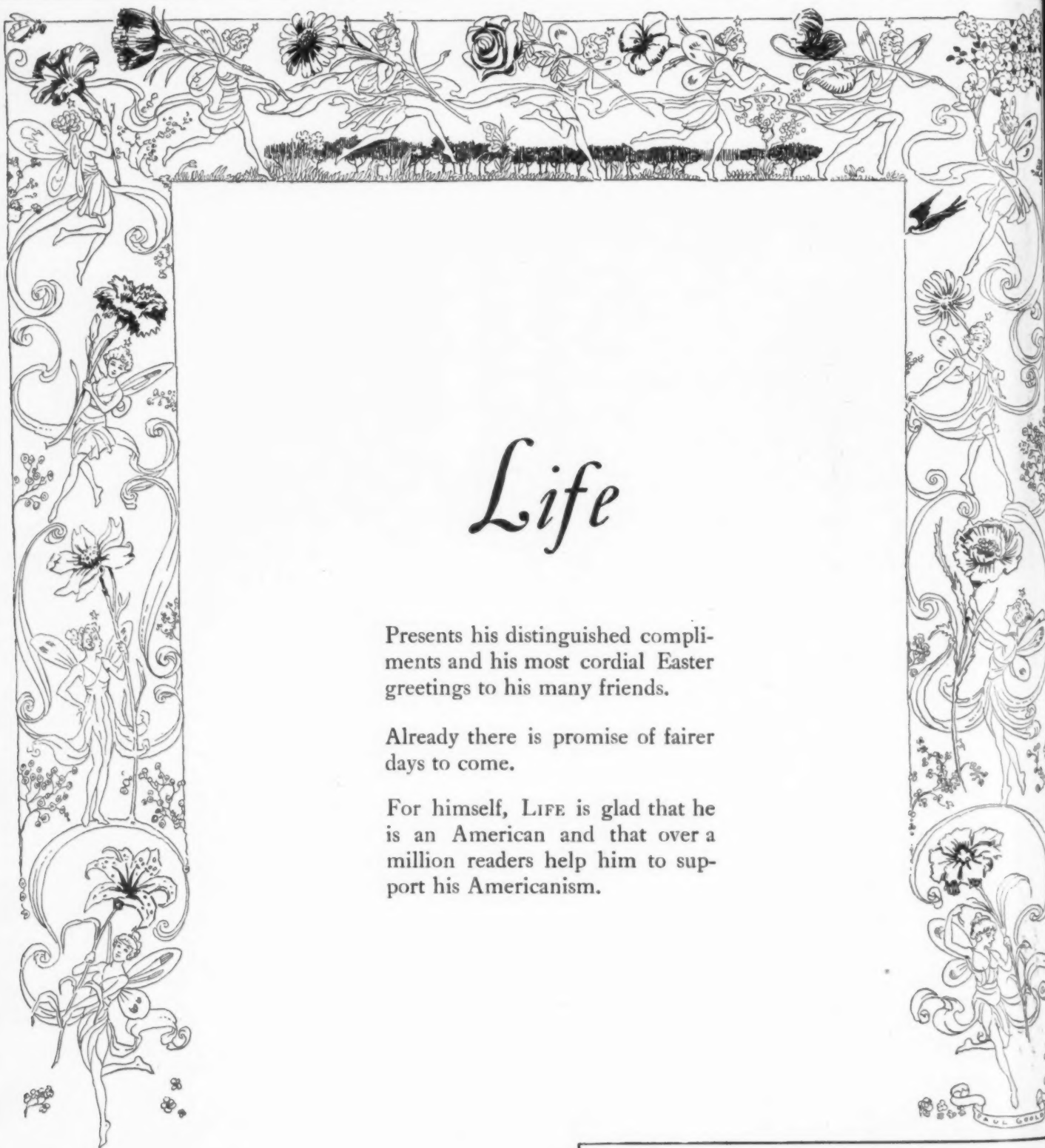
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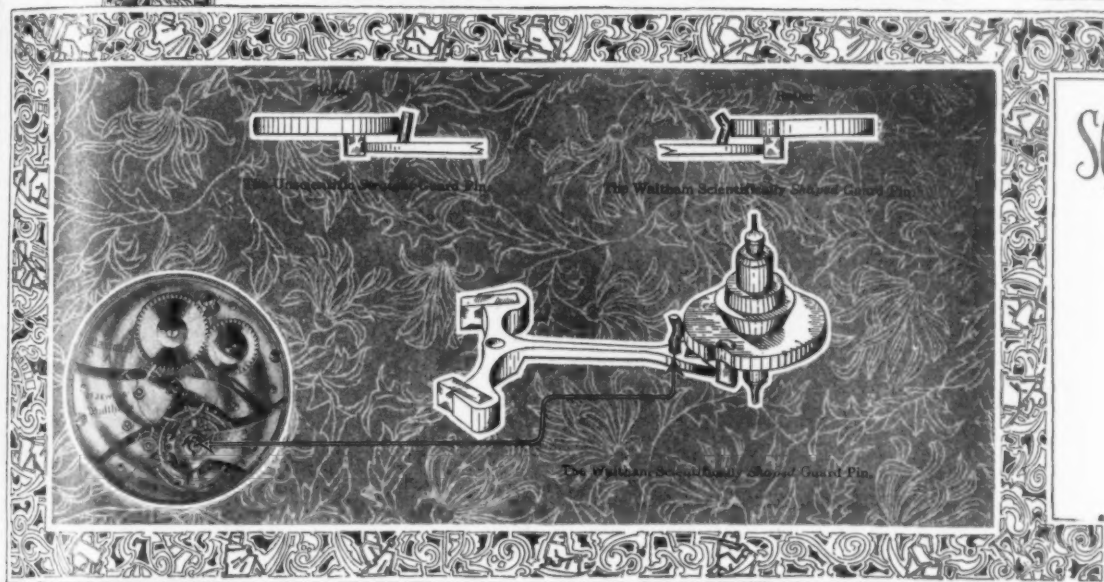
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A Song

(With Thanks to Mr. Withers.)

SHALL I count my life a loss
'Cause I see a woman cross?
Or unhappiness presage
'Cause she's in a towering rage?
Be she angry, sharp, irate,
Full of spleen or burning hate—
So she be not cross with me,
What care I how cross she be?

Shall I cease to be serene
'Cause I find a woman mean?
Haggling over all she bought,
Lending none, and giving naught;
And when others with her dine,
Scrimping on the food and wine—
If she be not mean to me,
What care I how mean she be?

Shall I think my chances slim
'Cause I see a woman prim?
Of success shall I despair
When I note her haughty stare?
Though she be demure and staid,
Prudish as a Quaker maid—
So she be not prim to me,
What care I how prim she be?

Shall I rave and lose my mind
'Cause a woman false I find?
When she seems to be, forsooth,
Soul of loyalty and truth,
Yet with diabolic arts
She can hoodwink trusting hearts—
So she be not false to me,
What care I how false she be?

Shall I sigh and wish me dead
'Cause I find a woman wed?
Or attempt my life to end
'Cause she's married to my friend?
Though she bears another's name,
She can charm me just the same,
So she be not wed to me,
What care I whose wife she be?
Carolyn Wells.

"HERE'S your snow-shovel back,
Cooper. Thanks very much. May
I borrow your lawn-mower?"

PALISADE KENNELS POLICE DOGS

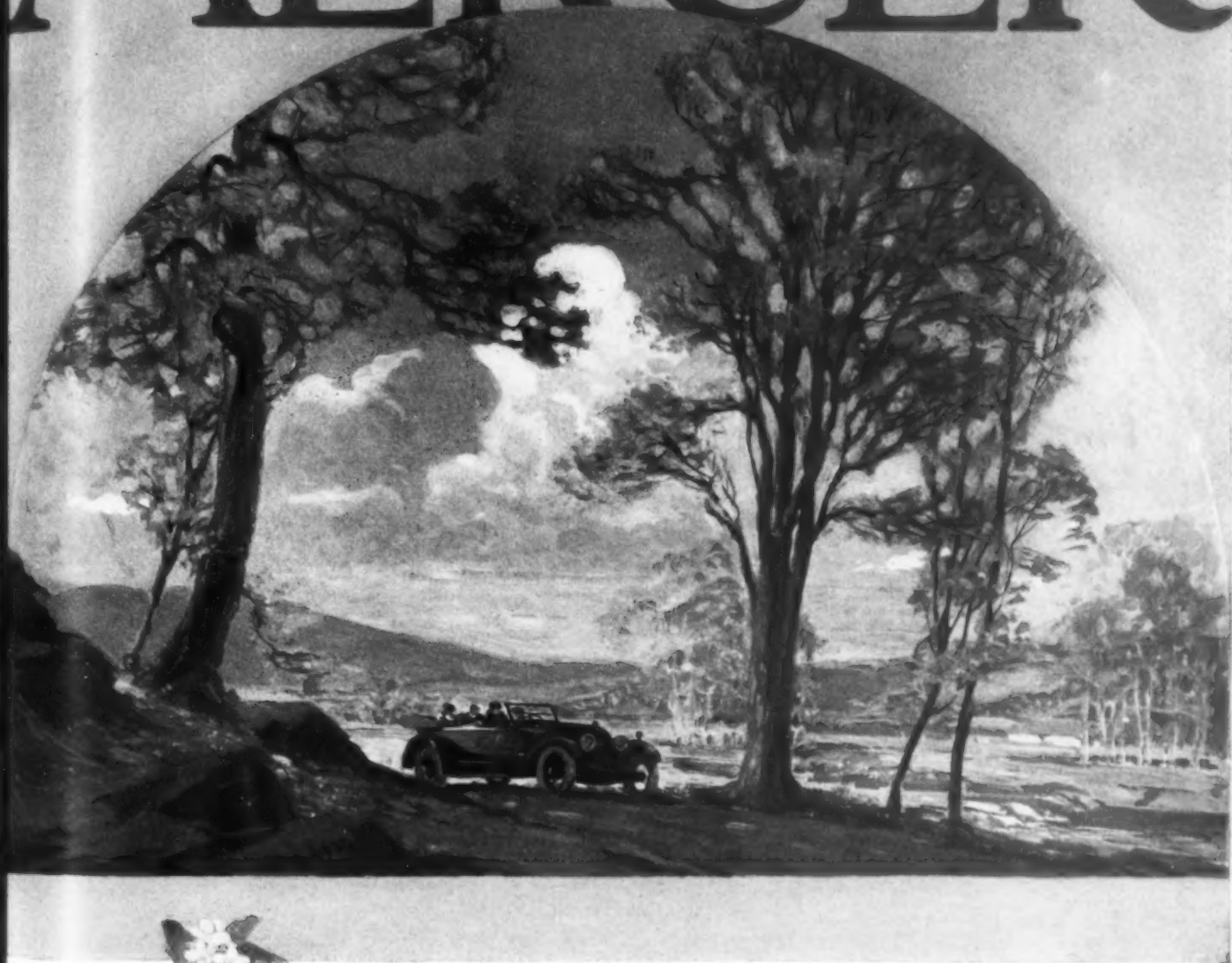
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day—that's why one should care-
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IN BOTTLES



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A REMINDER of Eastertide

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HAIL, Vermont!

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If we have ever said anything against you, we take it all back. Shake!

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In declaring that Prohibition methods are "as corrupt as have ever been used in legislation in the United States," you have said a mouthful. Salute!

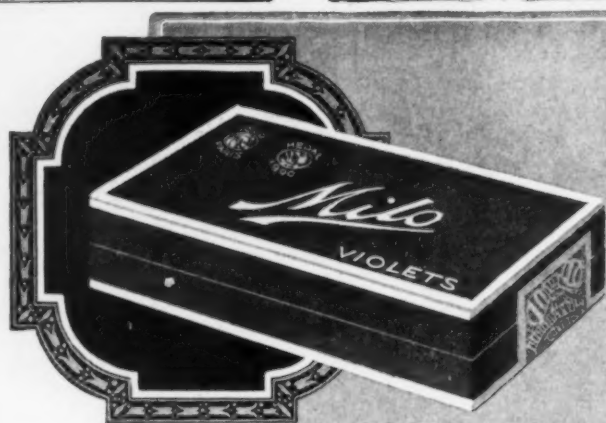
Here's to good old Vermont! Drink her down!

"YES, my wife is having this house all done over while she is away."

"Isn't that rather hard on you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but think of how much worse it would be if she were here."

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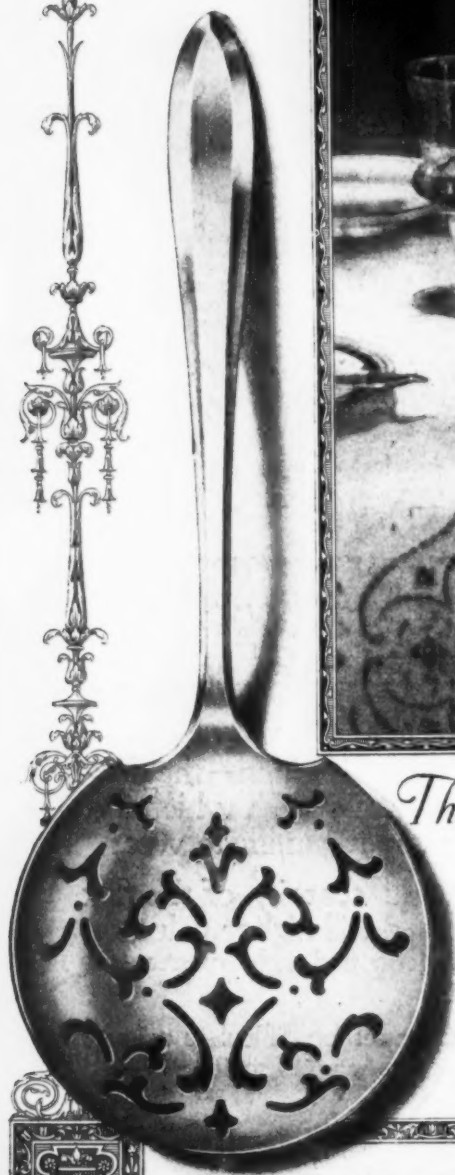
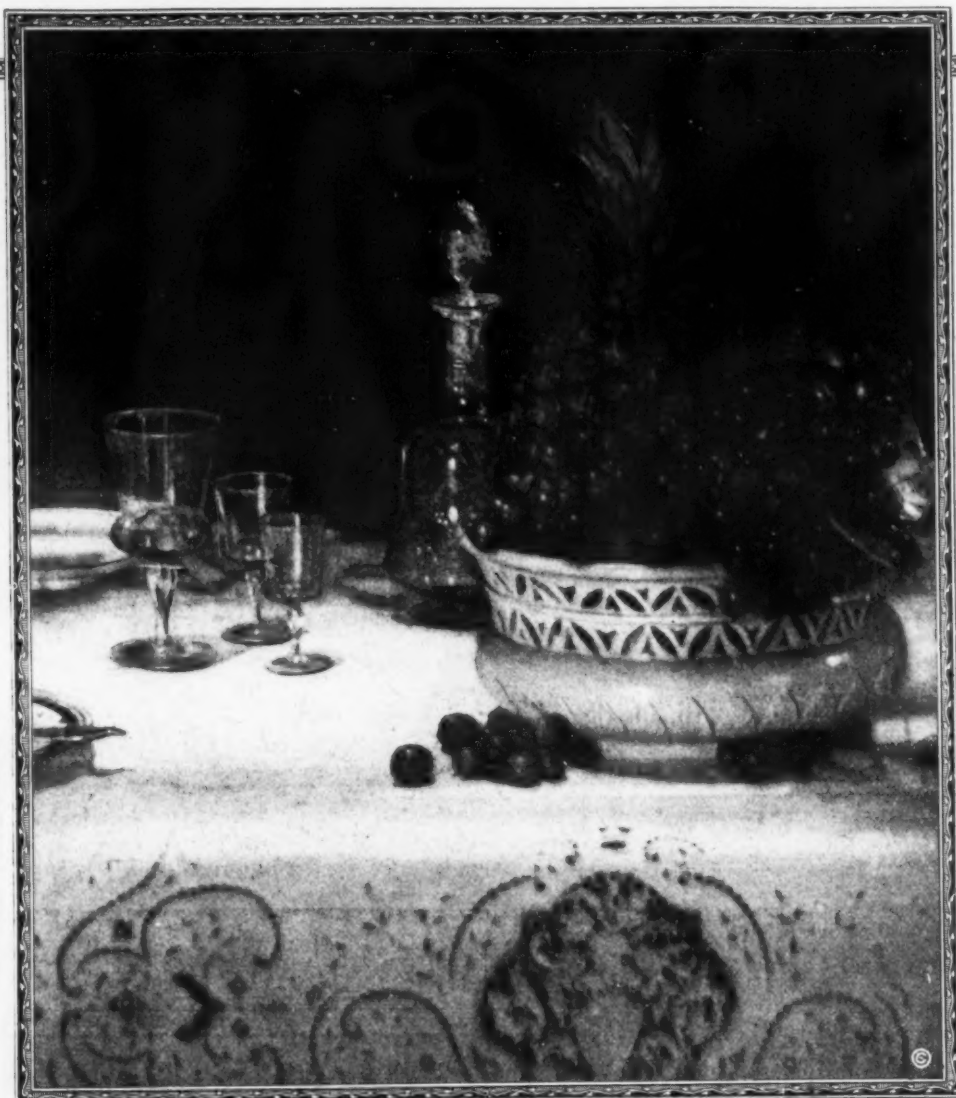
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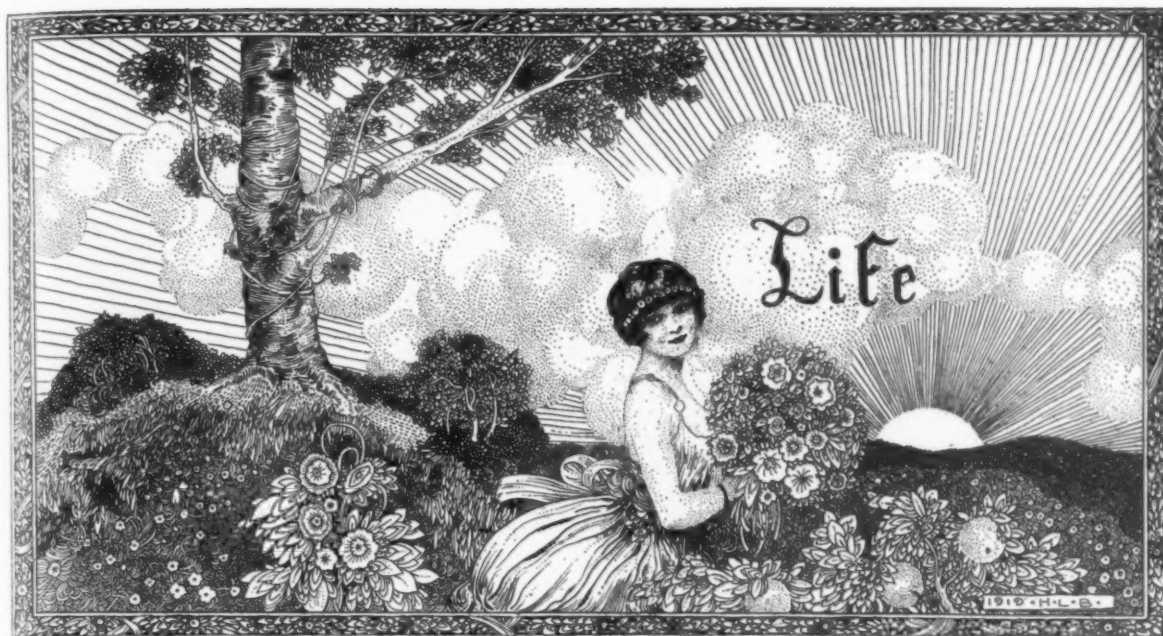
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CORRECT SERVICE



Eastertide Meditations After Church

GRANDMA: A real uplifting sermon, though that young minister will do better when he's older as I has had more experience. The hymns they sing nowadays don't sound as well as the old ones, to my way of thinking. There, I forgot to ask after Mrs. Thorpe's Aunt Ann.

MOTHER: I do hope Mary remembered to fix the oysters for the stuffing and to light the oven on time. I'm afraid this silver-and-orange turban is just a bit daring, for me. So often, by the time a woman is educated up to the really effective, unique things, she's a little too mature to look well in them; doesn't seem quite fair. I didn't see any young people who looked nicer than our children. I do wish Edward had cared to come, too, but he's just at the age—

FATHER: Glad I happened to see Rogers and get that tip on Loco Preferred. It certainly is warm for the season. The minute I get home, I'm going to change these fool duds for something comfy, and have a smoke and look at the paper.

BIG SISTER: The flowers were simply wonderful! The music was heavenly, too, and isn't the new organist handsome! Bob Summers must have thought I looked well, from the way he kept glancing over. Wonder whether he'll call this evening; I wish he wasn't so absurdly shy. Ethel's hat is terribly unbecoming.

LITTLE SISTER: When I grow up, I'm going to have a gray georgette gown, just like Miss Van Buren's, and wear a big bunch of violets and a violet hat, exactly like hers. I think she's just lovely. She smiled at me twice this morning. I'm so glad I have her for a teacher, instead of Miss Grimes.

LITTLE BROTHER: Only one more day of vacation, and then school clear up to summer! Wonder if there's any way of skipping Sunday school this afternoon. Hope dinner will be ready when we get home.

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Thoughts on Small Change

IT is no longer possible to depend for one's small change on nickels and dimes, because the seven-cent rate has largely come into fashion, and because, also, there are so many other new divisions requiring pennies. The result is to complicate a problem that even beforehand was by no means simple.

Where is one to keep one's small change? This is a matter for efficiency experts to put their minds on. Man is a creature consisting almost wholly of pockets. The last pocket one looks into is usually the one where the change is. As for change purses, their modesty is altogether too disconcerting. At the critical moment they run away and hide.





ACT I—ENTER SPRING

The Kind Lady's Furs

THE white wolves belled on the ermine's trail
 'Way up in the heart of the heartless north.
 The ermine must haste ere his strength should fail;
 In spite of the danger, he hurried forth.
 He saw some food in a tempting cache;
 He hastened to gulp it and hurry on—
 Two jaws of a demon of steel went "Smash!"
 And the animal's hope of life was gone!
 A white man came ere the wolves might come,
 And he carried that ermine's peltry home.
 Milady she wears it with joy and pride,
 Not caring a whit how the ermine died!
 (He had tugged at the trap for hours—ha, ha!
 Had struggled with all of his powers—la, la!
 So laugh as you wear your furs, *ma chère*,
 Laugh as you flaunt your furs!)

The small boy placed by the meadow creek
 A steel trap held by a long, strong chain.
 For there the muskrats, he knew, would seek
 Their nightly food—might they seek in vain!
 A muskrat came, and the jaws went "Crunch!"
 And the night—ah, the cruel night was young!
 He gnawed at his leg—'twas a hideous lunch!—
 But the terrible trap-jaws clung and clung.
 The little lad at the dawning came
 (He was kind when he wasn't in search of "game");
 He ripped from his victim the velvet hide,
 For milady's wardrobe must be supplied!
 (He had writhed in the grisly grip—ha, ha!
 Nearly gnawed off his leg at the hip—la, la!
 So merrily wear your furs, *ma chère*,
 Merrily wear your furs!)

Strickland Gillilan.

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BLINDMAN'S-BUFF



"They toil not, neither do they spin"



Easter

BEFORE Christianity there was Paganism with its spring festival, and something of that leaked into the Christian Easter. Some people would think it corrupted it, but one may doubt the corruption. Paganism was a religion. All the old religions had truth in them, and truth does not perish. What was true in Paganism would not corrupt anything Christian. Paganism glorified the coming of spring and the revival of life in the earth. There is nothing un-Christian about that.

But the Christian Easter goes further than to bid men take courage and find hope in the periodical revival of nature. It is concrete. It says precisely: There is life after death. It says that nineteen centuries ago a man not only survived death in spirit, but his very body disappeared from its grave, and the likeness of it—the man who had died and been buried—appeared repeatedly to many persons, walked with them, talked with them, ate and drank with them, made one of them actually examine the marks of crucifixion in his members, bore himself, so far as observation could go, like a real man, and yet on occasion disappeared from sight without trace, and presently was seen no more.

* * * *

A considerable company of the present inhabitants of this earth believe all that, and many millions of people are connected with the churches which accept all these reported events as facts, and base much of their belief and most of their super-terrestrial expectations upon them. Acceptance of these alleged facts, which are at the bottom of Easter, implies acceptance of an unseen world, full of life and activity, peopled, in part at least, by the spirits of former residents of earth who have died, and participating constantly and actively in the concerns of earth and its inhabitants. Prayer implies some such belief as that, and prayer is a habit so common as to be a recognized element in human life. It is common to Christians, still more noticeable in Mahomedans, belongs, indeed, in some form to all religions that exist or ever did exist, and even to the primitive beliefs of savages. Man, take him by and large, is a praying creature, and he prays because he thinks there is something to pray to and a chance to profit in the exercise.

* * * *

There is another theory, that all these Easter allegations and all the inferences from them and practices related to them are mere moonshine; that so far as we know, or ever can know, there is no other inhabited world and no other life than this; that man just happened along from nowhere in particular, and is bound nowhere in particular, but began in heat and wetness as an insect, and, as conditions favored and opportunity





offered, got to be a tadpole, a toad, a monkey and, in course of time, the creature we see when we look in the glass. This line of thought has favored the conviction that man has nothing to lean on but his own backbone, will get no help except out of his own head, and had better make the most of this world and this life, and get what he can out of them, and be as comfortable as he can contrive in them while he lasts, because there is nothing else coming to him that he can count on.

This theory makes, in some persons, for energy in living, and for self-reliance, and for other good things which are by no means incompatible with the other theory. But it has defects, in that it makes for overzeal in material acquisition and for carelessness in human relations. It was popular before the war, especially in Germany, but the war jolted it a good deal, and opinion now leans considerably to the conviction that there was something important the matter with it, that it doesn't work well, disturbs the harmony that the continued development of human happiness seems to require and, on the whole, won't do. There are those even who go so far as to feel that persons who are still content with this theory have minds of such a quality that they get gay on a 2.75-per-cent. solution of knowledge, and are not really of much use in solving the present problems of human life.

Practically the Darwinian doctrine of evolution favored materialism; theoretically there is no compelling reason why it should. It seemed to add to knowledge, and doubtless did add to it. That it disturbed people by conflicting with the records in the early part of Genesis was sad, but not so important as it seemed. Taken as a hypothetical description of the processes of creation, it is harmless to faith in a Creator. Regarded as a substitute for a Creator, it has made some trouble, and possibly had to do with upsetting the German mind, but that is past.

* * * *

To minds that are used to the idea that we live in relations close and constant with a life invisible, the current spiritist activities are extremely interesting. There is nothing hostile to religion in the idea that our friends and spiritual helpers in the Beyond are in closer communication with us than ordinary, and are trying to convey to us information and assistance that it would be profitable to us to have. The thing has been done repeatedly in the past history of the world. Probably it has always been going on more or less, but certainly it has happened in great crises in human affairs, as when the Christian Era began and in the days of Joan of Arc. Else is Holy Writ not true, and much of history waste paper. The Bible is full of spirits and spirit voices. There is nothing about

ouija boards in it, but there seems to have been one in the back room of the Delphic oracle, since a description of such a contrivance has been quoted in the newspapers from a Latin author. Ouija boards are a gamble at best, but the widespread persuasion of communication with the invisible world will hardly be rejected offhand by people who really want to know and do not fear the consequences of knowledge. Current spiritism abounds in possibilities of deception. Traffic with it is more or less dangerous, especially to the reputation, and upsets some minds temporarily at least. Much of it is trivial, most of it is perplexing, but on the whole there is nothing quite so interesting going on.

* * * *

It is doubted by very able minds whether human capacity exists to deal successfully with the tangled affairs of this world at this time. The shadow of ruin falls dark on civilization. In so far as superhuman intelligence and power can be enlisted to disperse that shadow, by all means—all lawful means, however jeered at—let it be sought. To shallow minds, to look for help out of the unseen seems ridiculous, but there are those who think they have had it, and they are not all ridiculous people. One of them has said: "I do not call it a miracle when at a historical crisis a man is granted a clear vision, and discovers later that this clear vision has determined actions of enormous consequence in a frightful war. But I do believe in this clear vision. I think I received it at the Marne, at the Yser, and on the 26th of March. I believe it comes from a providential source, in the hands of which we are but instruments, and that the decision of victory is determined from on high by a Will superior and divine."

So spoke Marshal Foch to André de Marincourt, who talked with him as the representative of *L'Echo de Paris*.

Marshal Foch seems to believe in an unseen power to guide and help, yet he has an unassailable reputation as a practical man, and is still respected. The clear vision that he speaks of is needed not less in these festering days of peace still incomplete than it was in the war. The leaders who are to fetch us out of the wilderness must have it. Autocracy is dead; socialism, tried out, is proving a failure. If democracy is to realize men's hopes it must be tempered by quite a different spirit than what has filled the world with pig-sty scrambles to beat one's neighbor to the money trough. It must see the world as it is, a school for men, wherein immortal spirit dwells for a time in human bodies, learning what it can, developing what character and power it can, and presently vanishes in the life invisible.

E. S. Martin.





IF THE PRICE OF CLOTHING GOES UP ANOTHER CENT



SPRING FEVER

British Super-Celebrities

(Some Possibilities for the Future)

LLOYD GEORGE, we learn from Lady Astor's sister, is no mean hand at singing to the accompaniment of a ukulele. He has a "fine, silvery tenor voice," and "sings half-forgotten melodies of ancient Welsh bards."

With what feelings of relief and pleasure we welcome this information! After all, our visiting British celebrities have a oneness of purpose that in time can only prove to be monotonous. They *will* lecture—all of them. The subject may vary from spirit communication to the future of Irish literature, but they *will* lecture.

Hurray for Lloyd George, and likewise for Sir Harry Lauder! They have the right spirit. Eventually, some enterprising amusement bureau with an eye for talent may send out a prospectus which will include the following:

George Bernard Shaw and Gilbert Chesterton. These two famous men are, under our management, together for the first time. They tender for your approval a clean, snappy, fifteen-minute act of verbal contortioning. Mr. Chesterton holds the world's record for turning back-paradoxes. Mr. Shaw can, and will, deny anything that he affirms and affirm everything he denies, *ad lib.* Together, they are literally a "knockout." Their imitation of Weber and Fields is unsurpassed.

Daisy Ashford. Miss Ashford is now available to select audiences in her dainty performance of extemporaneous

versifying. She will, if requested (and informed slightly in advance), make extemporaneous limericks on or about any member of any gathering. Miss Ashford is fully protected against libel suits, and will be accompanied on the flute by *Sir James Barrie*.

Lord and Lady Asquith. A versatile and amusing pair. Lord Asquith, standing upon a soap box, will dodge successfully any missiles hurled singly or in unison by the audience, while Lady Asquith trims four modish hats and pins up a beautiful afternoon gown before your very eyes. Most suitable act for children's parties or conventions of women's organizations.

The Royal British Family. Never before in the history of the world has the reigning family of an ancient royal line been known to offer itself as talent for refined functions. Achieving instantaneous success with its first concert, the British Royal-Family Marimba Band is open for a few choice engagements during the coming season. Their program is most exhausting, and includes everything from Beethoven to the latest jazz.*

Further information upon application. Press comments have been unanimously favorable.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN AMUSEMENT BUREAU.

Per Henry William Hanemann.

*The British Royal-Family Marimba Band makes records exclusively for the Tinney Talking Machine Company.

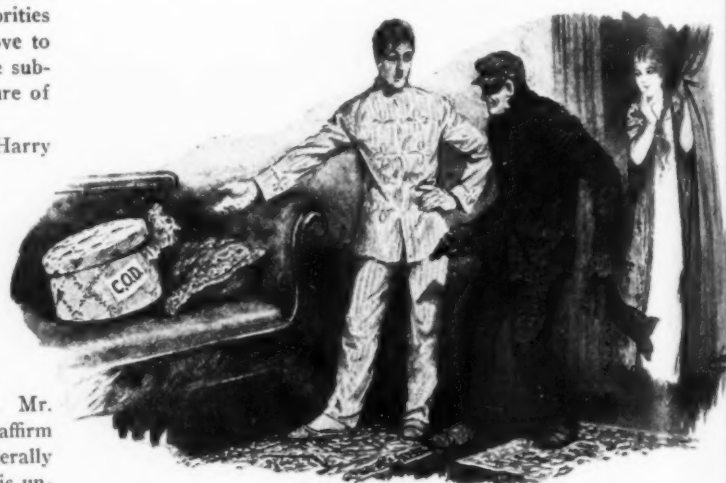
Happiness

TO try to make all the people prosperous is good politics, and an effort in the right direction.

But do not hope to make them all happy by that means. It can't be done.

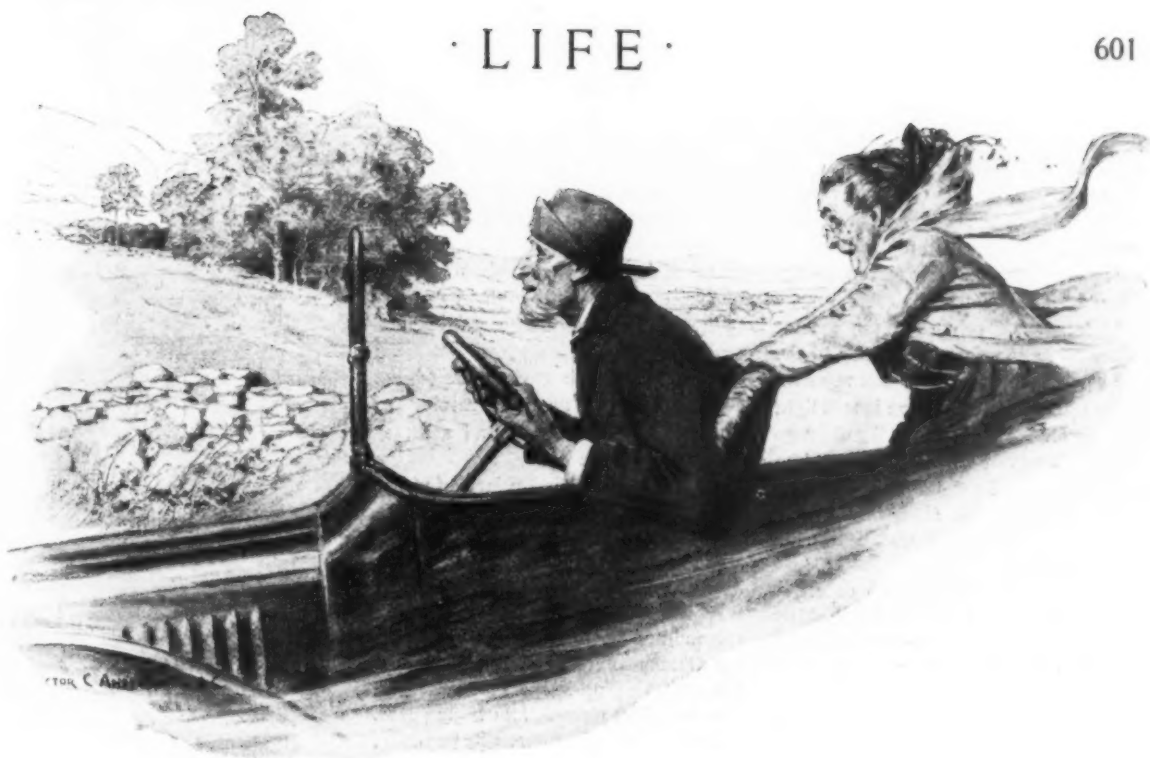
Happiness is a spiritual matter, tied up to such things as duty and faith. It is consistent with privation, and though creature comforts do favor it, especially because they are favorable to health, they do not make it, and in excess they shoo it off.

Happiness is a state of mind, affected but not determined by bodily condition. The great ingredient in it is love.



THE NIGHT BEFORE EASTER

Hubby: THERE! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THERE WASN'T ANY CASH IN THE HOUSE?



LATE FOR CHURCH

THE DEACON BREAKS THE LAW, THE SABBATH AND THE RECORD

The Dismal Science

WHEN Walter Bagehot said: "No English gentleman was ever sorry in his secret soul for the death of a political economist," he gave expression to the weariness engendered in civilized humanity by taxes and national debts. We, being kinder-hearted than were our fathers, can read with attention and interest the pages of depressing figures set down by Mr. John Maynard Keynes in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, and only hope he may live long enough to recast them.

That the terms of the Treaty should fail to satisfy this expert, who served as the official representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Conference, is not, on the whole, unreasonable. If they have satisfied the representatives of any nation, these optimists have not yet come forward to say so. Mr. Keynes's profound, if somewhat exclusive, compassion for Germany does credit to his heart; the proposals he puts forward for her relief and re-establishment do credit to his unfaltering faith in human nature. The United States are of course expected to play a leading part in this re-establishment. The jobs which nobody else wants, the dry-nursing which nobody else cared to undertake, have, since the signing of the armistice, been proffered us with flattering assiduity. But Mr. Keynes does not hesitate to ask Great Britain to waive all indemnity for the losses to her merchant marine through

U-boat piracy (the blackest chapter of the war), to cancel all debts owed her by the Allied Nations, and to lend anew, in conjunction with America and the neutral countries, at least one billion dollars. It is a large order. We had supposed that Britain was already carrying a burden as heavy as her galled shoulders could bear. Mr. Keynes, however, benignantly points out that "the notorious failure of France to impose taxation" has so increased her indebtedness that she is in a worse "budgetary position" than Italy. Therefore Britain, which has already taxed her people to the utmost, must tax them further to spare France this unloved task, and to restore prosperity to Germany.

The rôle to be enacted by Americans in the reconstruction of continental Europe is simplicity itself. We must wipe from the slate all outstanding accounts, and "provide foreign purchasing credits for the belligerent countries, allied and ex-enemy alike." If this be done, and a universal "policy of reconciliation" adopted, we may one day smile again. Otherwise, the speedy "bankruptcy and decay" of Europe will impair the happiness of the world.

It is a dark picture. Perhaps if Mr. Keynes would meditate now and then on the probable condition of the world had Germany triumphed, he might be a bit more cheerfully disposed. Perhaps if he would broaden his sympathies to embrace both foes and friends, he might even now see light shining in the gloom.

Agnes Repplier.



Tracked!

CHARLIE HORSE, the great detective, was flushed with excitement. "Sprang," he said as I entered the room, "I have it in my toils."

"Extraordinary," I returned—not that I had been away anywhere.

"For years," continued the master mind, "I have tracked criminals to the far corners of the earth. Let my man go to Darkest Africa, there is still light enough for me to find him. Let him go to the Steppes of Russia, I deliver him at the steps of Scotland Yard."

He paused. If silence really is golden our apartment was full of a million dollars.

"To-night," the great detective went on—not that he had been really going anywhere before—"my ingenuity has been taxed to the utmost. The chase has been a hard one, but now I have it within my grasp." He indicated a magazine in his hand.

"What is the case?" I asked.

"It is a long story—"

"In that event," I interrupted, "I think I'll go to bed. I wouldn't trouble you for—"

"You don't understand," he broke in. "It is a long story that I have been chasing all this evening. I started it five hours ago on page seventy-seven of this magazine, but it left me abruptly and darted off to page two hundred and thirty-five. Here I resumed reading only to find after a column or so that the story had jumped to page three hundred and fifty-six. It left me again

to reappear on pages three hundred and eighty-nine, three hundred and ninety-seven and four hundred and twelve, and no sooner had I apparently cornered it on page four hundred and twelve, than it eluded me and escaped to five hundred and eighteen. I now realized that I was dealing with no mean adversary, but the excitement of the chase had gripped me and I resolved to see the thing through. And a merry battle of wits we had.

"Once it hid behind a large furnace that was guaranteed to save you seven tons of coal a year. Think of that—seven tons—more than you and I have been able to save in an entire lifetime. Again it lurked behind a stylish collar surmounted by a face that will haunt my dreams to eternity. It had a habit, too, of taking up its position near that of a beautiful woman, alluringly posed, with the idea, of course, of distracting my attention. But I persisted.

"On and ever on we went. Pages five hundred and twenty-one, five hundred and sixty-seven, five hundred and ninety and six hundred and twelve flew by in rapid succession. I was breathing with difficulty. My mouth was dry and my tongue swollen. Black spots swam before my eyes. Pages six hundred and eighty-five, six hundred and ninety-eight, seven hundred and one, seven hundred and eleven and seven hundred and fourteen flashed into view and then faded in the distance. It seemed to me that I was gaining, but



THE ONLY HAT
HER DREAM OF—

even with this thought came the realization that my own strength was nearly spent.

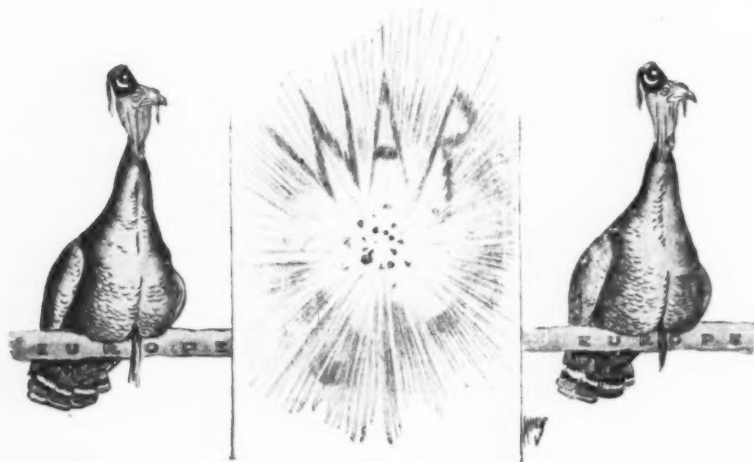
"And then just as I was about to admit myself defeated, I found the story and myself on the last page, and knew that no further escape was possible.

"Sprang, this is one of the big achievements of my life. I shall place it alongside the Bottomley affair."

The great detective rose to do this, when I restrained him.

"What's this?" I cried—not that I really cried—as far as I was concerned there was nothing to weep about. "What's this," I asked, "underneath the last line of the last column of the last page of your story?" And then over his shoulder I read aloud, "To be continued."

Hayward Bartlett.



A TOUGH BIRD



A PERFECT EASTER

Don't Scrap a Good Tune
"BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS," a favorite Yale song, had the ill-luck to be set to the tune of "Die Wacht am Rhein," and report says it has been de-Germanized and reset to new music.

Let us hope that is another fib to be credited to "report."

We ought to get all the good we can out of Germany, and keep all the good we ever got. Even so, the account will be hard to square. By all means keep all the good German tunes and German music. There is no more reason to scrap the tune of "Die Wacht am Rhein" than to scrap Beethoven.

MRS. HOWARD: What makes you think the butler won't stay?

HOWARD: So far he has refused to lend me any money.

PARKE: I'm more and more convinced that as a nation, what we lack is religious discipline.

LANE: But to whom would you apply it?

"Oh, to the young people and clergymen."

A TEACHER of English in one of our colleges describes a money-lender as follows:

"He serves you in the present tense, lends in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjective, and ruins you in the future."



ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION



THE HEN THAT HATCHED OUT THE EASTER EGGS

Are We Lacking?

THE advance of the literary child is not going on with the celerity that we might expect. Miss Ashford has contributed something, but the discovery that she did it all so long ago has not added any warmth to the occasion. Children have been largely commercialized for other purposes—why not for literature?

There is too great a scarcity of nine-year-old novelists. Can it be possible that the magazine editors are caught napping?

Certainly the movies are not behind-hand. Children only recently born are being snatched from the cradle to the cliff nightly. Also, the stage has some

prime seven- and eight-year-old favorites.

We suggest that some enterprising newspaper start the ball rolling by obtaining a nine-year-old columnist. Her advanced patter might be distinctly amusing. Its profundity would be refreshing.

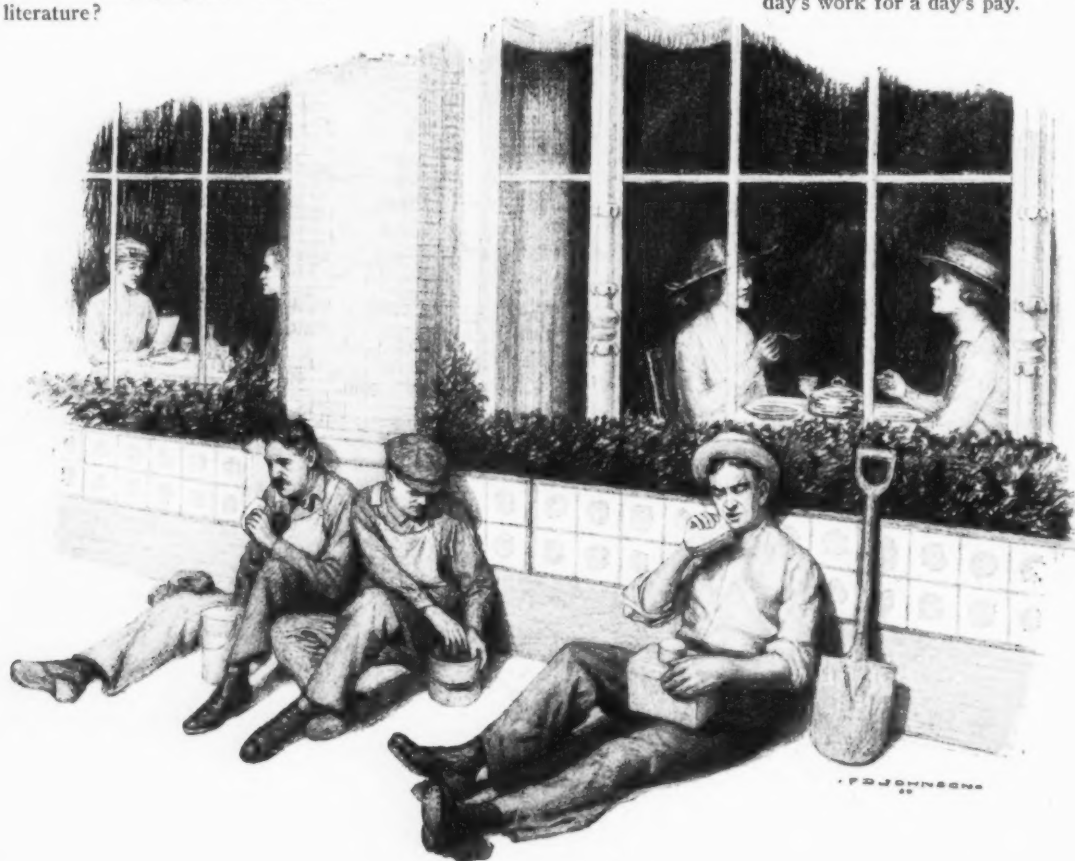
There might also be youthful book reviewers. The opinion of a seven-year-old kindergartener on one of Conrad's books might give us, among the superior nations, that distinctive thing which we have come to know and revere as "class."

Complete Course

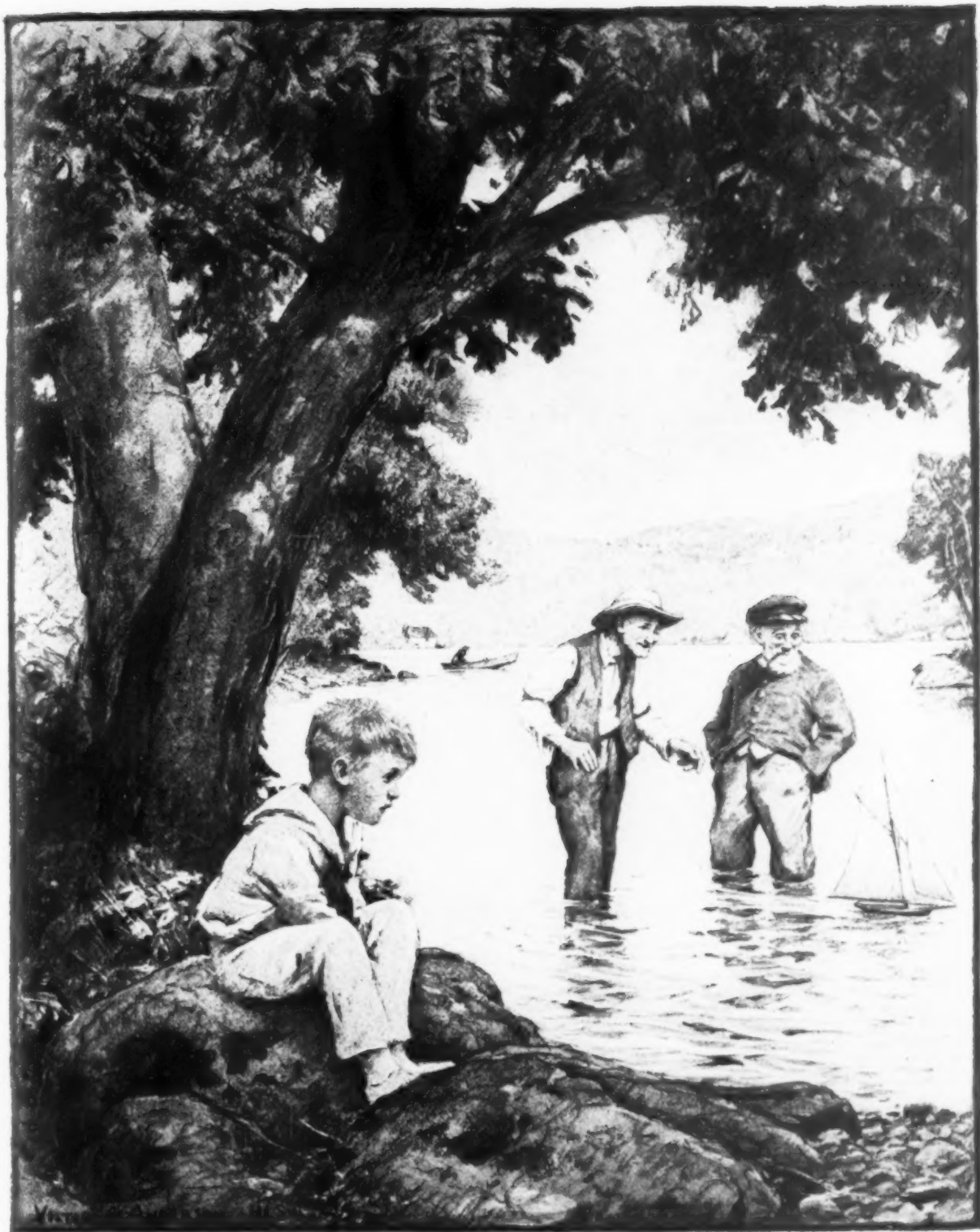
DOCTOR: Are you taking any regular exercise?

PATIENT: Oh, yes. I go to the Episcopal church and read the *Saturday Evening Post*.

THE modern Diogenes is looking for the man who will give a full day's work for a day's pay.



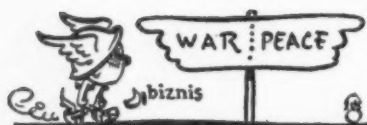
LUNCHEON AND LUNCH



HIS NEW BOAT
WHO'S HAVING THE FUN?

APRIL 1
1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 75
No. 1952Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYEDWARD S. MARTIN, *President*
THOMAS L. MASSON, *Secretary*JAMES S. METCALFE, *Treasurer*
LE ROY MILLER, *Assistant Treasurer*17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Office, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London; E. C.

HOOVER says—Pass the Treaty! Don't muddle any longer over details. Pass it and "join the League that was created at our inspiration, and upon which our real hope of a better world revolves."

Hoover is not awfully pleased with the Treaty, but as between that and continuation of a state of war till next year, or making a separate peace with Germany, the Treaty looks like rainbows to him. He reminds us that the world is drifting back to hate, and that we can't do anything to stop that drift until we join the League. The soul of the League as an influence to prevent war may have died, he says, before we choose another President. Don't wait! "The League is not a document. It is an organization of the moral sense of the civilized states." Get into it and try it and help it! Get into it now. If it does good it can be strengthened later.

Hoover wants disarmament as far as possible, but while the League hangs fire the drift is all the other way. Failing the League, he sees us spending a couple of billions a year on preparedness, and the building up of a military caste. If we abandon the Treaty and negotiate a separate peace with Germany, he sees us in the position of a nation that has abandoned its allies after making an agreement with them. He wants to get back to the great purposes which the war, while it was going on, was expected to promote, and which, as the League lags, the world is slowly turning its back on.

What Hoover says carries great weight with many people. They think

he knows. They think of him as a great authority on the needs of the world. They believe he knows his Europe, and also his United States, as well as any man alive, and they think of him as a neutral in the political disputes about the Treaty, and a hearty partisan of peace. If Hoover says Don't bother about the reservations! Get the Treaty and the League!—a lot of people will be helped to the conviction that that is the right course.

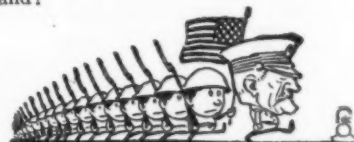
But whether it will still help the Senate to act or Mr. Wilson to ratify cannot be predicted. In the story of the ten plagues in Egypt the Lord kept hardening Pharaoh's heart and letting loose additional plagues on the Egyptians. The ways of Providence were mysterious then, and are mysterious now. What we must recognize is that we, the American people, are neither Henry Cabot Pharaoh nor Woodrow Wilson Moses, but merely the Egyptians who will catch all the plagues the Lord sees fit to loose while Moses and Pharaoh are wrangling.



WHO the Israelites are in this mix-up is a bit obscure, but it looks as though perhaps they were the Irish! If the world and all of us are being plagued till the Irish go loose, here's hoping that no chance will be lost to facilitate their exit. Just before the latest rejection of the Treaty by the Senate it adopted, 38 to 36, resolutions of Mr. Gerry of Rhode Island, to effect that in consenting to the ratification of the Treaty the United States

adheres to the principle of self-determination and to the resolution of sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people for "a government of their own choice," and declares that when Ireland gets such a government, as it is hoped she soon may, she should be admitted at once as a member of the League.

So may she soon be, and if some competent political mathematician can compute with convincing figures that the United States can be joined to the League if Ireland is to be a member, perhaps that will be the means of getting the Treaty through. The hitch about it is the difficulty of ascertaining what would be "a government of their own choice" for the Irish people, but possibly that can be thought out by sufficiently hardy thinkers in a padded council room. It is a case for application of Mr. Choate's, "For God's sake, hurry up!" England wants us in the League. Well, sister, clean up Ireland!



FRANCE and the United States must stay friends, Premier Millerand says. "No fleeting misunderstandings must be allowed to trouble their relations." He goes on to discuss money matters, and France's difficulties in arranging her affairs, and making payments as promptly as she would wish.

We doubt that money matters are going to make any trouble between France and these States, though doubtless they will require discussion. If the whole war debt of France to this country can be wiped out, that will be a solution that will be highly acceptable to a great many Americans. That money was loaned to win the war, and it helped very materially to win it. Some day the reasons why that debt should be cancelled will be discussed, but not yet. Things are still too chaotic for such discussion.

But France and the United States must continue to be close friends, as the French Premier says, and they will so continue, and everything that can foster that friendship should be encouraged. There is a project for an American monument of some kind on the Marne, and no doubt there will be



BACK TO EARTH

that and other notable American monuments in France, for they will all have something to say. But a great tie already exists there, and, rather sad to say, there is a strong movement afoot to remove it. That tie is the graves of thousands of American soldiers buried in France, a more arresting reminder than any monument could

be of what was felt about France in the United States in the great war and what was done about it.

Now it is proposed to move the bodies of thousands of soldiers so buried and bring them home. It does not seem at all a wise or suitable plan. Those bodies belong where they are. That mothers should wish to see where

their sons who fell are buried is natural, and it is a feeling that one must respect. But it would be better to send to France at public cost such mothers of dead sons as wish to go, than to disinter from soldiers' graves the bones of those who lie there, and fetch them wholesale back across the ocean. To bring these bodies home would be a great mistake in sentiment, and an injustice to the dead. It is really a preposterous idea, and people who know that it is only refrain from saying so because of respect for bereavement, and the fear of hurting feelings that should be gently dealt with.

The cost of it all would be large. Fifty millions is the sum that Congress is to be asked to appropriate. Far better use it to carry mothers to France and let them see the land their sons fought for and the graves they earned.

Finally, and lamentable to say, there seems to be a job in all this business. The sentiment for it has been carefully organized, propaganda has been put out, and quotations from *The Casket*, the undertakers' trade paper, on the subject, are remarkable reading.

The art of starting movements and putting out propaganda is getting to be too well understood. It will have to be regulated soon and fitted with a license system.



THE cat is out of the bag about the proposed Roosevelt equestrian statue at the entrance of Central Park at Sixth Avenue.

Mrs. Roosevelt disapproved the plan. Then appeared a letter from the leading projector of the plan to Theodore, her son, beginning: "The Sixth Avenue Board of Trade is desirous of securing an outlet for traffic through Central Park at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and dedicating the drive to the memory of that much beloved, one hundred per cent. American, your father," etc. etc.

That is enough. The idea was to use the Colonel to help through a real estate improvement. No! No!

It is too soon to have statues of Colonel Roosevelt. There is no hurry. He will not be forgotten.

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The Trustworthy Hen





Promotion from the Movies

THE movies have transferred, set over and assigned Theda Bara to the legitimate stage. Vague prophecies have been made of great benefits that were going to accrue to the legitimate from the movies. If Theda Bara is a sample of the fulfillment of those prophecies, it is a case of very bad fortune-telling. She brought all her movie material with her, including the vampire rolling of the eyes, the stone-age gestures and a minimum regard for the value of the spoken word. The best thing she did was putting up her abundant and well-groomed hair in full sight of the audience. It is doubtful that any of our most accomplished actresses could have done this so composedly and at the same time punctuated the toilet operation with demands for cocaine and eighty-five thousand dollars that she must have instantly. If the movies will take Theda Bara back, the spoken drama should be content and wait patiently for the promised further favors.

"The Blue Flame," the play in which she appeared, also had moving-picture characteristics. If it has not already shown its thrills on the screen, it should do so, for in these days when melodrama is far from being despised, the crudities of this one caused laughter to the theatrical audience at the very points where the movie tension would have been strongest. It is said that in Boston and Washington Theda Bara and "The Blue Flame" played to crowded houses. It is a fair assumption that at the same time the movie business in those cities must have slumped.



IT may not be fair to quote this example against the artistic claims of the movie industry, for even in that cult the star in question is regarded as the extreme in the "vamp" class. When that type of performer and her kind of play are quoted against the movies, the critic immediately is indignantly asked why he doesn't go and see "so-and-so" or "so-and-so," naming certain screen productions that embody the highest ideals of the movie fan. If he accepts the challenge, he finds no reason to change his mind. In many of the films he will discover much to delight the eye and astonish the imagination. But in practically

every case he will encounter the thing that negatives the claims of the screen enthusiast. There is always somewhere the descent to the taste, the immature intelligence or the cheap sentimentality of the great public without whose approval there is no profit in the manufacture and exhibition of film productions.

From the same quarter you will hear strenuous claims of the advance in the education of the movie public, a claim based only on the fact that the patrons will no longer stand the crudities they once did not perceive, and that they insist on new sensations, not necessarily better, but more novel and thrilling in a different way. The defect of the screen play, that seems to make hopeless the advance to the perfection its advocates claim, is that it is absolutely necessary the films should appeal to the crass multitude, for without that appeal there is no profit in the manufacture, sale and exhibition of films. Even those who make the strongest claims for the movie "art" will sometimes shyly admit that they are not in the business for their health only, and with this admission they destroy their own arguments.

"Give 'em plenty of Home, Heaven and Mother," was once a money-making maxim in some lines of culture, and with extensions it fits the movie business to-day. So voiced, it doesn't exactly explain why Theda Bara and her kind of play succeed in the movies and fail on the speaking stage, for conscience knows the legitimate has plenty to apologize for and along the same lines. But it remains that the speaking stage can reach heights the screen cannot touch profitably, and which are therefore barred to it completely.



Stage Hands: NOPE, THE STAGE AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE. WHY, WHEN THIS SHOW FIRST OPENED, THEY DRANK REAL COCKTAILS IN THIS SCENE.

MMR. EDWARD VROOM deserves credit for freeing Edward Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" to the uses of the American stage by dissolving the legal shackles fastened to it by the Chicago playwright who claimed that the author had plagiarized his ideas. Unfortunately the same congratulations cannot be extended to Mr. Vroom's impersonation of the hero and the performance of the play under his auspices. The essentially poetic quality of the text was largely lost in delivery, and the joyous braggadocio became very mechanical. In fact it became almost laughable in moments where it was supposed to reach the level of tragedy, due in a measure to the performance being a matinée tryout. But it remains that Mr. Vroom has restored "Cyrano" to the American stage. *Metcalfe.*

Confidential GUIDE



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Astor.—"East Is West." Well acted play of Chinese-American romance with San Francisco for its scene.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter." Chinese plottings making well-staged melodrama of New York's Chinatown.

Bijou.—"The Unseen Hand," by Mr. Crane Wilbur. Notice later.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Diverting costume melodrama of the period when Napoleon was Consul.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. The spiritualistic touch adding popularity to play of romance and sentiment.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Cheery girl-and-music play with a boarding-school for its excuse.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Last week of the spectacular stage-picturing of the luxury and wickedness of ancient Alexandria.

Central.—"As You Were," with Mr. Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni. Ordinary girl-and-music show.

Cohan.—"The Hottentot," with Mr. William Collier. Light and laughable farcical comedy.



NEW PROVERBS

IT'S A WISE WIFE WHO SELECTS HER HUSBAND'S STENOGRAPHER

Cohan and Harris.—"The Acquittal." Absorbing melodrama of crime and mystery, well played.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," with Clifton Crawford. Well acted farcical comedy, full of laughs.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." A lesson in American history, interesting, poetic and inspiring.

Criterion.—"The Letter of the Law," with Mr. Lionel Barrymore. Dramatic, interesting and very well acted argument for legal reform.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. Well played Anglo-American society drama.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," starring Florence Moore. The star's fun the principal attraction in adapted French farce.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm." Melodrama of the Canadian Northwest, notable mainly for an elaborate forest-fire scene.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Mr. Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield. Girl-and-music show, made amusing by the ability of its stars.

Fulton.—"Mamma's Affair." Excellently played and diverting comedy satire of the woman hypochondriac.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." Well acted and laughable character comedy based on the divorce colony in Reno.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." Minor tragedy of English middle-class life, admirably portrayed.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." Charming presented girl-and-music show with real music.

Greenwich Village.—"Sophie," with Emily Stevens. French costume comedy which just stops short of being very clever.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." Very well played and highly amusing American light comedy.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," with Blanche Bates and Mr. Henry Miller. The woman in public life delightfully satirized.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Ballet, spectacle and vaudeville acts, all on a large scale.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Semi-rural American youth amusingly pictured.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." The comedy and human side of Cape Cod life turned into amusing and clean stage reproduction.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat," with Ada Lewis and Mr. John E. Hazzard. More than usually funny and entertaining girl-and-music show.

Little.—"Beyond the Horizon." Well done but gloomy argument against farm life in America.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva." Comedy prescription for a family suffering from extravagance.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," with Ina Claire. Careful and amusing stage study of chorus-girl life in New York.

Lyric.—"His Honor, Abe Potash" with Mr. Barney Bernard. The senior member of Potash and Perlmutter takes an interesting and amusing trip into politics.

Maxine Elliott's.—"What's in a Name?" Notice later.

Morocco.—"Sacred and Profane Love" with Elsie Ferguson. Sex drama, interesting and providing good acting opportunities for the star and Mr. José Ruben.

Nora Bayes.—"My Golden Girl." Pleasant but not remarkable girl-and-music show.

Park.—"Popular light operas in agreeable revival.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing" with Jeanne Eagles portraying the heroine of a commonplace English domestic play.

Plymouth.—"Richard III" with Mr. John Barrymore. A quite worth while production and interpretation.

Princess.—"Mrs. Jimmie Thompson" with Elsie Adler. Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—"Musk." Far from impressive importation of serious domestic drama.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." Ingeniously constructed crime and sex melodrama.

Selwyn.—"Buddies." Pleasant musical romance of life among the A. E. F. in France.

Shubert.—"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal." Smart sex comedy, well done.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Unusually original and well presented girl-and-music show.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." The t. b. m. provided with a liberal ration of girl-and-music sustenance, elaborately garnished with scenery and costumes.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—"Cabaret digestive for dinner and after the theatre.





An Easter Maid

BESSIE has many beaux;
Such an alluring pose;
Cheek that is like the rose,
Kissing tints in it;
Voice that is like the strain
Of a bird after rain,
Gone, and then heard again
Just for a minute!

Eyes of the harebell hue,
Or of the hyacinth blue,
If you but saw her you
Surely'd be smitten;
Hands slim and strong and straight;
Oh, how you would berate
If they, by chance or fate,
Gave you the mitten!

When she trips down the street,
In her kid boots so neat,
How her two tiny feet
Keep pit-a-patting!
Ears fashioned gracefully,
Like the shell of the sea;
In them you'd like to be
Cheerily chatting.

Though she is not a saint
(You should be glad she "ain't"!),
I can, without restraint,
Say she's no sinner;
You would give anything
Fortune to you might bring
(Even a diamond ring!),
Could you but win her!

Clinton Scollard.

The Tyranny of Windows

WITHOUT windows there would be no fresh-air fiends. A single window may make or mar a whole household. Used occasionally by burglars, small boys and lovers, the singular power of the window to control our destiny has not hitherto been recognized. Without windows there would be no ghost stories, for how could the rain beat on the pane, or the wind come in short gusts through the cracks? Neither would there be melodrama, for how could the heroine crouch on the floor if there were no sudden flashes of lightning or falling snow to gaze at through the window? What poems have been written by just looking through a window; and as for literature in general, who does not remember the window in *Thurms*? The first thing we look at upon entering a room is the

windows. At night the window is the last thing we adjust, and in the morning the first we gaze out of. The first window was the beginning of civilization. Consider the window of a cell, how symbolic it is of a dwarfed and misdirected life. The composite health of any community can almost be predicated upon the number of its windows that are kept open at night.

Then there are the windows of the soul, without which no best seller would be worth the price of admission.

—
An educational film is being produced designed to make the teaching of geometry easier.—*London paper.*

WHY make the teaching of geometry easier? Anyone who teaches geometry ought to be made to suffer as much as possible teaching it.





"CONGRATULATIONS, OLD FELLOW, ON YOUR MARRIAGE TO MRS. PONSBY. EXTRAORDINARILY LOVELY WOMAN."

"QUITE REMARKABLE, I ASSURE YOU. ALL I CAN DO TO KEEP FROM MAKING LOVE TO HER."

"Lady Astor"—A Play

In Which an American Respectfully Attempts to Return the Compliment to John Drinkwater

Introductory Note

In his introductory note to the play, "Abraham Lincoln," Arnold Bennett says: "Americans will more clearly realize what Drinkwater has achieved with the London public if they imagine somebody putting on a play about the Crimean War at some unknown derelict theatre round about Two Hundred and Fiftieth Street, and drawing all New York to Two Hundred and Fiftieth Street."

In other words, Mr. Bennett is challenging Americans to write and produce a play which will do for Britain what Drinkwater, an Englishman, has done for America.

The author of the following playlet, in accepting the challenge, and finding that the Crimean War has already been covered by Tennyson, has selected, as a fitting subject for his drama, the most prominent figure in British public life at the present time.

If any captious critics arise to complain that too many liberties have been taken with the facts of Lady Astor's career, or with conditions as they exist in England to-day, they are reminded that the author has written as an American, making (as Mr. Drinkwater himself has so well phrased it) no attempt to achieve a "local colour" of which he has no experience or to speak in an idiom to which he has not been bred.

The play will doubtless be produced at the unknown derelict theatre which, according to Arnold Bennett, is somewhere round about Two Hundred and Fiftieth Street.

In the meantime, you may proceed with the story:

(Two Chroniclers appear.)

FIRST CHRONICLER:

Thirty days hath September,

SECOND CHRONICLER:

April, June and November;

THE TWO (speaking together):

All the rest have thirty-one—

And now our little act is done.

(They fade out.)

SCENE I

The drawing-room in Lady Astor's palatial mansion in the ultra-exclusive Blackfriars district of London. Three men—political ward heelers—are seated before a late autumn fire. They are silently chewing gum.

FIRST WARD HEELER: I hope that her ladyship will survive the shock which must inevitably accompany our request that she run for the Plymouth constituency.

SECOND DO. DO.: Ah! Have no fear. Her latent nobility will assert itself.

THIRD DO. DO.: Nobility? Huh! She is a mere Dilatory Domicile in Burke's Peerage.

FIRST WARD HEELER: Hold your tongue, lad. Here comes the boss.

(Lord Astor walks in.)

LORD ASTOR: Greetings, boys.

CHORUS OF DOS.: Greetings, yourself. Is her ladyship ready?

LORD ASTOR: Yes, and, by the way, I should remove that chewing gum if I were you. You know yourself that the

little woman doesn't like to have people chewing in the parlor.

(The Ward Heelers guiltily remove gum and place it under their chairs. They all rise as Lady Astor enters.)

FIRST WARD HEELER: We have news for your ladyship.

LADY ASTOR: News? You intrigue me. Go on.

SECOND WARD HEELER: You have been seeking the nomination these many years.

THIRD WARD HEELER: And now it has come to you—on a silver platter—surrounded with watercress.

LADY ASTOR: Gentlemen, I am torn with indecision. I know not what to do or which way to turn—I accept the nomination.

The curtain falls.

(The Chroniclers reappear.)

FIRST CHRONICLER:

Take me somewhere east of Suez,

SECOND CHRONICLER:

Where one still may rent a flat;

FIRST CHRONICLER:

Take me on to Quogue or Flushing;

SECOND CHRONICLER:

Take me farther east than that.

(They cease. . . .)

SCENE II

In the House of Commons, where the members of Parliament are gathered to welcome Lady Astor to their midst. Each member wears an arm-band with the initials "M. P."

BONAR LAW: This is a most auspicious occasion.

(Continued on page 621)



"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"



THE WANDERING MINSTREL

Directions

A NEW YORK divine had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village in Massachusetts. When the time for baptism arrived, the clergyman noticed that the embarrassed father was holding the child so that its fat legs pointed toward the font.

"Turn her this way," he whispered. But the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand. "Turn her feet around," the minister whispered again, but there was no response. An old seaman in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room: "Head her into the wind, Tom."

An Old Wonder Satisfied

"WHAT good," asked the angry would-be passenger, "are the figures set down in these railway time-tables?"

"Why," patiently explained the genial agent, "if it weren't for them figures we'd have no way of findin' out how late the trains is."

IF it keeps on, our buffalo will soon be as extinct as the American school-teacher.

Why?

MOTHER sometimes wonders:

Why Nature couldn't have endowed babies with a little more *savoir faire*, when newly hatched chicks have so much.

Why all little boys don't grow up cripples, when they are so careless of their own and other little boys' anatomy.

How the saintly, tender, confiding little girl of 9 P. M. transforms herself into the impertinent hussy of 9 A. M.

Why father talks so loudly about woman's slavery to custom and fashion, yet clings so tamely to his hated stiff collars, high-necked underwear and silk hat.

How her parents had the patience to be so sweet to her when she was seventeen—the present age of her eldest daughter.

How a boy can show so much originality in his table manners, and so little in his school compositions.

Chronological

NOT so long ago when we had company we took them into the parlor to entertain them; now we take them into the cellar.



"YOU MUST REMEMBER TO WEAR YOUR MOST INNOCENT EXPRESSION WITH THAT GOWN—AND PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER PUT ON A STRING OF PEARLS TOO"

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For the best title to the picture on this page
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See conditions below

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Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these conditions, the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is open now. It will close at noon on Monday, May 3, 1920, no manuscripts received on that date after that hour being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must

contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

Our System

WILLIS: This Englishman says he can't understand our legislative *modus operandi* at Washington.

GILLIS: It is very simple. The President selects, the House objects, and the Senate rejects.

A Maiden's Seven Ages

THE year of her debut.
The year of popularity.
The year of hope.
The year of nonchalance.
The year of doubt.
The year of guile.
The year of despair.



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Branch Office, 132 East 15th Street, New Irving Place

Telephone 4900

**Customer's Record
of Payment**

Bank 193 JOHN
Check No. 26 184 2ND AVE. 2FL.
Date

For Gas Supplied from Nov. 1917 to Dec. 1917

Present State of Meter 00

Previous State of Meter 00

00 Cubic Feet

Received Payment

It is requested that the amount of this bill be promptly sent to the collector when received.

CASH COUPON
Consolidated Gas Company

132 East 15th Street

DECEMBER 2

193 JOHN DOE
26 184 2ND AVE. 2FL.

Rest of Gas Appliance

COLLECTOR'S COUPON

Dep. _____

C. No. _____

193 JOHN
26 184

Rest of Gas Appliance

DE

Bill Delivered

Second Call

Statement ()

Circular Notice

Call Notice

Call Notice

If this bill is paid by check, CASH COUPON should always be enclosed therewith. The Bill on which space is provided for record of such payment, may be retained by you. Receipt will be mailed when the bill is enclosed with the check and the cash coupon.

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Fair Warning

"Nigger," warned one, "don't mess wid me, 'kase when yo' do, yo' shuah is flirtin' wid de hearse."

"Don't pesticate me, nigger," replied the other, shaking his first. "Don't fo'ce me to press dis upon yo', 'kase if I does, I'll hit yo' so hard I'll separate yo' from amazin' grace to a floatin' opportunity."

"If yo' mess wid me, nigger," cried the first, showing the whites of his eyes. "I'll jes' make one pass, and dere'll be a man pattin' yo' in de face wid a spade to-morrow mornin'."—*Everybody's*.

The Problems of an Innkeeper

CHAMBERMAID (reporting in office): The gentleman in 320 is packed up ready to leave and has a quart of whisky in the bag all wrapped up in one of our best towels. What shall I do?

"Bring the whisky down here to me and take the towel back and set it again."

—*New York Tribune*.



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FOR 1972

Made Him Nervous

"It is an established fact," said the lecturer, "that the sun is gradually but surely losing its heat, and in the course of seventy million years it will be exhausted; consequently, this world of ours will be dead, and, like the moon, unable to support any form of life."

The head and shoulders of an excited member of the audience rose above those of his fellows.

"Pardon me, professor!" he cried. "How many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

"Seventy millions, sir," said the professor.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped the interrogator, sinking back exhausted into his seat. "I thought you said seven millions!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Fate's Perversity

SHE: Did your two college mates marry well?

HE: I'm afraid not. One got a girl who can cook and insists on playing the piano; the other got one who knows how to play the piano and insists on cooking.

—*Boston Transcript*.

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YOU MIGHT TRY HIM."



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QUALITY is the greatest furniture tradition of the *past*. *High prices* are the greatest tradition of the *present*. The aim in Sloane Furniture is to *uphold the first and to upset the second*.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Too Much of Even a Good Thing

Jeff and Father are inseparable. Jeff is ten—sometimes forty. Father is—well, he is *Father*—but sometimes nine. Even with this elastic adaptability Father with a subtle skill is assisting Jeff in and out of educational channels like a skipper guiding a heady craft. Thus when Jeff developed a mania for the "movies" Father studied the prevailing winds and decided to let him go head on. Thought Father to himself, "Overeating produces nausea." So "they gaed and they gaed." And at the last go, in the middle of a film, Jeff turned soberly to the wise man at his side and said: "Say, Father, let's go home. I'm sick of this damned sex stuff."

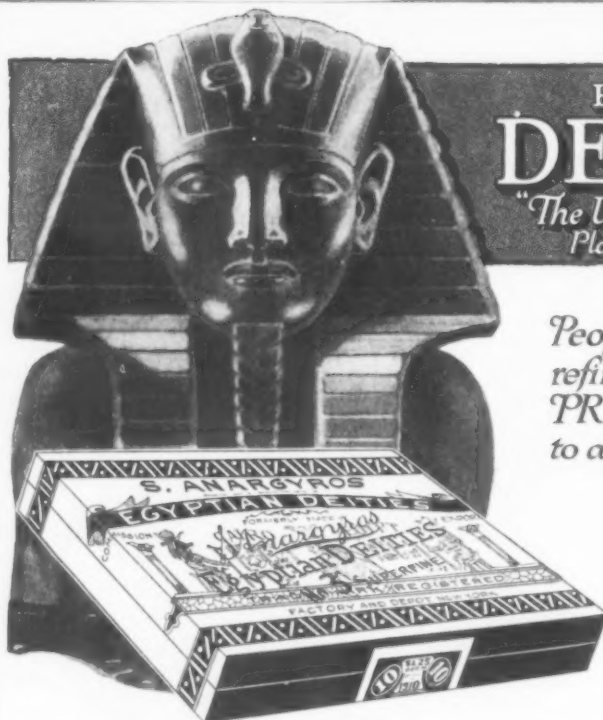
—New York Evening Sun.

Father to Son

"Look 'ere, guv'nor, your son always gives me 'arf a dollar for this job."

"Ah, my good man—he has a wealthy father!"—*Pan.*

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A Girl's View

"Girlie, don't you think Spanish would help you in your office work?"

"I can't see that I need it. There are no Spaniards among the young men working in our office."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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You can get "Mum" everywhere at drug and department stores, or from us, postpaid, on receipt of price, 25c.

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Complete outfit 75c at drug and department stores, or from us, postpaid, on receipt of price, 75c.

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Taking No Chances

MRS. A.: I really believe she had her second husband selected before she was divorced from the first one.

MRS. B.: Certainly. Why else should she get a divorce?—*Boston Transcript.*

JUD TUNKINS says that this year's farm hands expect to make enough to come back next year as summer boarders.—*Washington Star.*



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(Bet. 47th & 48th) (Established 1873)



"Lady Astor"—A Play

(Continued from page 614)

LLOYD GEORGE: I'll say it is.

LORD MILNE: She has won a sensational victory. Her witticisms have literally made Plymouth rock with laughter.

GENERAL SMUTS (speaking in a broad Boer dialect): Lady Astor she make-am heap fine politician. She bane velly good girl. You bet.

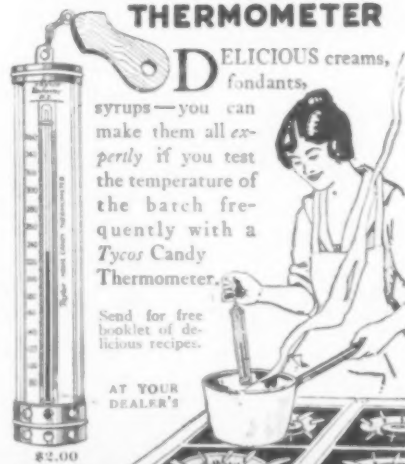
(Enter Lady Astor; she catches the Speaker's eye, and rises to address the distinguished assemblage.)

LADY ASTOR (producing a large, paper-covered book from her chatelaine bag): Do you gentlemen ever read the Telephone Directory? You should, you know. (There is a gasp of pained astonishment from the members.) If more people would only pay a little less attention to the Spectator and Tit-Bits and a little more attention to the Telephone Book, I would not have been forced to embark upon a political career.

(She turns the pages and reads aloud. The members make no secret of their distaste and disapproval, but

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their murmurings do not deter Lady Astor in the least.)

LADY ASTOR (reading): "Speak deliberately, distinctly and directly into the mouthpiece with your lips close to it. State—"

(Horatio Bottomley arises from the opposition benches to interrupt. He symbolizes the various sinister forces which are leagued together against Lady Astor.)

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY: Mr. Speaker, I move that this speech be violently suppressed.

AN UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: I second that motion.

LADY ASTOR: Don't bother to take the vote, Mr. Speaker. I am through. I have done. I have completely satisfied my curiosity as to the nature of affairs in the House of Commons, and intend to return to Virginia, take out naturaliza-

tion papers, and then enter the United States Senate.

(She walks out.)

LLOYD GEORGE: Now she belongs to the ages.

(The Two Chroniclers enter in lock-step.)

THE TWO CHRONICLERS:

We've just engaged the hall,
And we invite you, one and all,
For to-morrow night
At the Darktown Strutters' Ball.
The curtain falls and stays down.
R. E. Sherwood.

Yes—When We Think It Over

"It costs twice as much to live as it did fifty years ago."

"Well, I'd rather be paying double now than have paid half then."



The hours women spend on their complexions

Endlessly groping—but there is a way to make your skin clear and flawless

WHAT infinite care, what trouble, what risks even, a woman will take to possess a beautiful skin!

Yet thousands of girls and women fail to achieve the lovely skin they long for because they never really study their skin and learn its individual needs.

Examine your face every day in a full light before a hand mirror. Is your skin fresh, soft, brilliant with lovely color?

Or when you come to examine it closely, do you find that it lacks the clearness, the fine texture you would like it to have? If so, begin at once to correct this condition. Give the new skin, which is constantly forming, the special treatment its need demands.

The famous treatment for conspicuous nose pores

Often a skin that is otherwise almost flawless will be spoiled, made unattractive by conspicuous nose pores.

You can overcome this trouble by using every night this special treatment:

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.

Before long you will find that this treatment reduces the enlarged pores until they become inconspicuous.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet containing special treatments for each type of skin. Get a cake to-day—begin using it tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Let us send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1004 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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CAPTAIN ICHABOD STARKWEATHER, OUT OF POWDER AND SHOT, STILL FINDS HIS BLUNDERBUSS USEFUL.

Two Easters

I

LAST year we were together,
You and I.
Together we looked on a gleaming Easter world.
The scent of lilies was
The added fragrance to our love.
I adorned myself with care
For that well-remembered drive
Along the riverside:
A cloak of mauve,
A hat of gentle azure, in gracious lines,
Cleverly fashioned
In the latest mode,
And smothered in cornflowers of a deeper blue—
Fair promise of the summer-to-be.
Hat and eyes together
Looked like the better part of heaven to you,
You said.
In loving memory of that glorious day,
I laid the hat away, with crispy tissue paper,
In its gaily flowered box.
Alas, you soon ceased to love me,
And grief and my love for you
That would not die
Walked with me bitterly all the while.

II

It is Easter Day again.
I drew forth from crispy tissue wrappings
My last year's hat of azure blue.
It seemed not at all as I remembered it,
But curiously changed and rather ridiculous;
I put it on and walked the Avenue.
Then I saw you!
But you, my lost love,
And this yester-Easter hat
Look both alike to me now—
Bla!!!

Adelaide Mould Hughes.

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

\$12

buys
LITTLE DICK
BEVERAGE PUMP
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For All Home Made
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Hansen wearers take pride in the fact that their personal needs are so completely provided for by the wide variety of the line. And in a Hansen design they have the exclusive elegance of "custom-made" service, the assurance of authentic style.

The glove here shown is for dress and street use and combines correct, easy fit with long, practical wear. *Write for New Glove Book.* Study the many types described; select your favorites, then get them from your dealer.

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Its writing point is permanent—it never has to be sharpened and its "records" neither fade or rub out.

Whether the "communication" is one you are sending or receiving your Waterman's Ideal will glide over the paper without skip, dip, or scratch, with such unconscious effort on your part that its action can truly be said to be "automatic."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is so scientifically automatic that it has been incorporated as part of the marvelous "SIGNAGRAPH," an instrument used by the government and large corporations for signing as many as twenty documents simultaneously.

It is also an essential part of the DYNAMOMETER, an instrument that automatically records the speed, drag, track grade and vibration of a locomotive traveling at all speeds.

This unfailing reliability, extending over 36 years, has made Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen the favorite writing tool throughout the world with men of affairs, scientists, scholars, authors, students, doctors, the clergy, and, in fact, all whose business or social requirements demand personal handwriting.

THREE TYPES—regular, safety and self-filling, \$2.50 and up at best dealers.

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One pupil has received over \$5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over \$1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

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The Home Correspondence School
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ESTABLISHED 1897

INCORPORATED 1904



SINCE PROHIBITION HAS ROBBED HIS WORKMEN OF THEIR NOONDAY BEER, CONTRACTOR M'SWEENEY FOUND IT ADVISABLE TO PROVIDE OUIJA BOARDS FOR THE NOON HOUR

denominator. People can be appraised as they measure from him in any direction. The key to their good nature is in that smiling face and that crossroads Hamlet figure.

Fewer persons have been glum about radicalism since he came back. They remember the radicalism of his heyday and are reassured.

Bryan's Contribution

GOOD humor is much more common than it was before Bryan's reappearance. When he shouldered into the jam of over-serious possibilities, aspirants and panting politicians, he bumped the funny-bones of the million bystanders. That bump was exactly what the presidential preliminaries needed; it restored some of the old-time folksiness that has always made American politics agreeable.

Bryan is a kind of national common



Shake Into Your Shoes
Sprinkle in the Foot Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder
for the Feet,

for Tired, Aching, Swollen, Tender Feet, Corns, Bunions, Blisters, Callouses. It freshens the feet and makes walking a delight. 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our army and navy during the war. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere.



Partisan politics and personalities aside:

May I not venture this suggestion bearing upon the LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

If it were only

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Like my LEAGUE OF BRISTLES
it would be some covenant

I may?

I do!

IT WOULD!

Every Rubberset Shaving Brush is an active member of the League of Bristles, irrevocably committed to the observance of these two cardinal points—"Every bristle gripped *everlastingly* in hard rubber" and "RUBBERSET must make good—or WE WILL!"

Owning a RUBBERSET makes you an associate member, deriving every benefit accruing from the rigid enforcement of these principles.

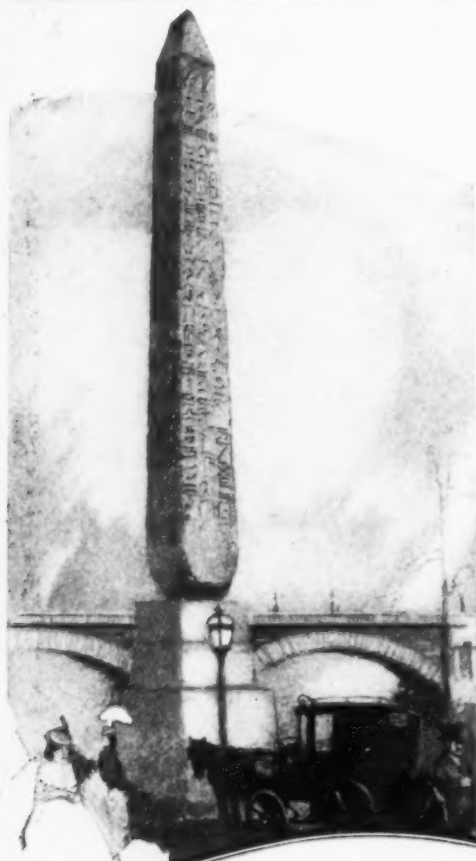
Oley that impulse! Shake yourself down for the price of a RUBBERSET and line up with the League—for LIFE. To tax-ridden capitalists and poverty-stricken millionaires I offer a sound but limited selection of brushes at twenty-five to seventy-five cents a copy. Salaried folks can "do themselves a bit better" at one to four dollars. Day laborers, wage-earners and other amateur Monte Christoes can satisfy their little hearts' desires at from five bucks up—and when I say "up" I really mean "UP." Far be it from me to disappoint anyone with money to spend.

The line forms at the right.

I thank you!

OLD MAN RUBBERSET





In Central Park, New York, or
on the Embankment in London

today or fifty years ago—whether in town or country—it's easy to quickly tell the folks who enjoy normal and natural digestion, by the sound health their faces radiate.

At least 90% of all ills are due to constipation. Headaches, nervousness, biliousness, indigestion and all similar troubles are most easily and pleasantly banished by using

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

A Very Agreeable Aperient

A spoonful of Eno in a glass of water makes a tasty, bubbling drink that prevents and overcomes disorders, both of digestion and elimination and agreeably establishes regular habits. At a dollar a bottle the enduring thing about Eno is that it is always the same—its results are gratifying and consistently satisfactory. At all Druggists.

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Cleopatra's Needle
on the Embankment
London, England
1878

The Obelisk in
Central Park,
New York, U.S.A.
1881

The Latest Books

My Memoirs, by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) How Wilhelm erred a second time by dropping the pilot. A life-story of some moment in which human disappointment and inhuman cold-bloodedness appear amazingly in the same character.

History of the United States from Hayes to McKinley: 1876-1896, by James Ford Rhodes. (The Macmillan Company.) Simple, clear; if it seems frequently a little cold, it shines, nevertheless,

for scrupulous honesty. This historian believes in an outer truth of facts, and constantly strives to disclose it. Dealing with a period many of us can recall, his work should be read to introduce perspective into our fragmentary and very probably distorted recollections.

Irish Impressions, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. (John Lane Company.) Written over a year ago. At that time this sympathetic visitor thought a settlement possible if home rule were granted at once. His book is valuable for its insights and delightful as a piece of literature.

Shoe the Horse Right

have the best nails—nails which will hold a shoe tight when the strain is greatest.

The best shoers in the Country drive Capewell nails—have done so for years.

Horse Owners who insist upon the use of Capewell nails always get the most for their money.



The Soul of Ireland, by W. J. Lockington. (The Macmillan Company.) Father Lockington is a Jesuit, and he writes of Ireland as a firm outpost of Catholic faith. He writes, too, without rancor; throughout devotionally and often touchingly. G. K. Chesterton furnishes an introductory parable.

Americanism Versus Bolshevism, by Ole Hanson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) The first hundred pages are Ole Hanson and Seattle—interesting and even thrilling with their climax in the general strike that failed. They are too meagre in detail; better have let someone like Ray Stannard Baker write the story in thrice those hundred pages. The rest of the book is a survey of Bolshevism abroad and in the United States, with far too much ranting; and the sketch of events in Russia strikes one as being wholly misleading.

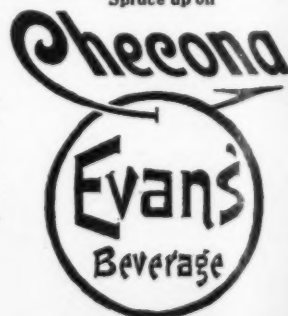
Robin Linnet, by E. F. Benson. (George H. Doran Company.) The English scenery dear to English novelists may be called the protagonist of this plotless novel; inevitably the reader becomes the antagonist. War-permeated, too.

The Man of the Forest, by Zane Grey. (Harper & Bros.) Scened in Arizona and opening with a plot to abduct a tenderfoot girl, a plot overheard by Milt Dale, "the man of the forest," who thwarts—Enough! The usual descriptions of the country Zane Grey loves.

Glamour, by W. B. Maxwell. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.) The fascination of Diana Kenion returns upon Bryan Vaile after all the years of happy marriage; he is about to attempt suicide, disguised as accident, when the war begins. "He would go to the war and get killed." Well, in spite of the tremendous advance in modern warfare, it has not yet been perfected as an instrumentality for self-destruction. Story has substance, and is good reading.

Grant M. Overton.

Here's the Outing Season
beckoning you to Outdoor pleasures and healthful
Spruce up on



Brimful
of health
and
pleasure
A Good
Drink for
Good
Fellows

FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONA EVANS ALE

It will insure many a new thrill and delight when
or resting by the camp fire-side—

Order a case from nearest dealer

C. H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1786 HUDSON

It's dollars
to doughnuts—

no man ever smoked
a better cigarette
at any price!

Camel¹ CIGARETTES

How you'll relish every refreshing puff of a Camel cigarette; how Camels unusual flavor will appeal to you without a chance of tiring your taste! Your test will prove Camels the greatest cigarette revelation you ever encountered!

Camels quality is as remarkable as Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, *and you will prefer this Camel blend to either kind smoked straight!*

Your satisfaction and contentment smoking Camels will be so out of the ordinary you'll want to talk about their many distinctive features. For instance, Camels are delightfully mellow mild. You can smoke them liberally. *Yet that desirable "body" is all there!*

Another thing that makes Camels attractive to fastidious smokers—they leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor!

Camels answer every cigarette desire any smoker ever had. *Prove that yourself*—compare the enjoyment Camels quality and blend so generously provide *with that of any cigarette in the world at any price!*

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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RATES

With Bath

Single . . . \$2.50 to \$5.00
Double . . . \$4.00 to \$6.00
Twin Beds . . \$5.00 to \$7.00

*The Hollenden
Cleveland*



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Easter giving is a pretty custom and one rarely carried to extremes. A subscription to LIFE will give pleasure to the entire family. Try it for six months, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

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10

No Compensation

MR. BERWIND came home from Wall Street in, rather a cheerful mood. His wife was returning from Palm Beach, and it would seem good to see her again. These absences, reflected Berwind, as he came down to dinner, helped quite a lot. He would have gone to the station to meet her—Charlie, his son, had, indeed, suggested it—but Mrs. Berwind had particularly requested them not to bother. She would take a taxi, and hoped to get home before ten o'clock.

Charlie, the eldest son, and Freda, the handsome daughter, were both on hand for dinner, in anticipation of their mother's homecoming.

"By Jove!" said Berwind. "We don't very often get together like this, do we? Oh, well, this is a strenuous world." He chatted with his son amiably about politics during dinner, and with his daughter about certain concerts and other things with which she was more or less familiar. After dinner they sat in the living-room while Thomas, the butler, brought in the coffee. Berwind was in a fine mood.

"I suppose your mother may be here any moment now," he said. "She may get in ahead of time, you know. Meanwhile, we might do something. I remember when I was a boy, during the long winter evenings in New England, we used to read aloud or tell stories. Know any stories, Charlie?"

Charlie, who was on his fourth cigarette, shook his head. "Nothing that's fit to tell, father," he said. "We might play a rubber of three-handed whist."

The cards were obtained, and they started. Berwind frankly confessed, at the end of the first round, that he didn't like it.

"Look here, Freda," he said, "you're literary. Why not go back to the old days and read something? I don't mean anything trashy, but something really worth while."

"How about the Lamentations of Jeremiah?" said Charlie.

"The trouble with all of us," said Berwind, "is that we have no moments of tranquillity. We ought to. It would pay us to do it. Get out a book, Freda, and let's try it."

"How about Emerson?" said Freda. "I haven't read him for a long time, but he is certainly good."

"The very thing. A good American. As I remember him, something of a philosopher. And he came from New England. Good."

Freda read from Emerson. Charlie was on his tenth cigarette.

Berwind had started a fresh cigar, but about halfway through the essay on Compensation his jaw fell. Charlie nudged Freda.

"He's off," he whispered. "Let up on that stuff, will you?"

At this moment Thomas came in, with a telegram on a tray.

"What's this?" said Berwind, waking up. He read:

"Train stalled. Don't expect me until to-morrow. Safe.—MINNA."

There was a long, silent moment, almost painful in its intensity. Finally Charlie spoke.

"Well, folks," he said, "one can't blame mother for our horrible railroad system. But I must say it's pretty tough to have a whole evening wasted in this way."

THIS has been leap year in New York, if nowhere else. About all the benighted Hylanders have done has been to leap from curb to curb.



*Homelike—
but still in the
heart of things*

**THE BILTMORE
NEW YORK**

Reflections of a Snob

PERSONALLY, I believe that it is everyone's duty to go to church at Easter time. One cannot be too particular to observe these forms. When we abandon form, as I have said before, we run into great danger.

I must confess that I do not entertain the same feeling towards the church felt by some of my friends, especially among the clergy. I am very fond of my old friend Bishop B—, and it always pains me when he animadverts upon the shortcomings of the church, which he declares is altogether too materialistic. Yet I dare say that if it were not for the church there would be thousands of ordinary people left without the means of religious consolation.

I think my friend lays too much stress upon sincerity. He assumes that all churches are hypocritical, whereas nothing could be more absurd. The ritual of the church offers a standard of conduct, and this is of the greatest importance. I doubt if I should ever have learned to enter a drawing-room properly, or have known the precise moment to stand up, if I had not in my youth been made to attend church regularly. Without the church we would all be more pronounced bores than we are.

I also take pleasure in getting new clothes for Easter; the season affords me an excuse for certain extravagances that, upon ordinary occasions, I should be chary about. Personally, I much prefer tweeds, and I have rejoiced for some time at the way that we have tended toward sport clothes; yet one may carry this sort of thing too far. Lately I have had a very trim cutaway suit made, and I find upon afternoons it is a very welcome change; it gives

me, so to speak, a sort of moral uplift. I certainly intend to wear it to the Easter services.

The truth is that our affectation for sporting clothes, or the easy, lounging suits, has gotten us into bad habits. Clippers, my tailor, when I informed him of this the other day, gravely shook his head. But Clippers has always been an incorrigible ass. His genius has all run to cutting and fitting. He insisted upon making me a dinner coat, very light, that I shall wear, however, only in the excessively warm weather. Personally, I feel that evening clothes

should always be worn in preference. I never feel quite comfortable in a dinner coat; unless, of course, I am entertaining a brace or so of men in my own quarters.

This Easter I feel particularly happy, and I shall enjoy my service, I am sure, with an uncommon zest. I have succeeded in paying my entire income tax in the first payment. As a matter of fact, I totally disapprove of the instalment plan, which I regard as intensely vulgar. Besides, I believe in helping out the government. I was able to manage this quite easily by



Mademoiselle La Creole

La Creole Hair Dressing

Brings the charm France gave the Creoles

Creole charm and the wonderful Creole hair both came from Louisiana with the French and Spanish forefathers of the aristocratic Creoles of today, many of whom are direct descendants of nobility. Their glorious hair is an evidence of their pure French-Spanish descent and a mark of the care they give it. La Creole Hair Dressing has been favorite among them for generations. It preserves the youthful beauty and color of the hair to life's end.

La Creole treatment restores color

If you fear gray hair or if your hair is already gray begin La Creole treatment at once. La Creole will restore the youthful color and beauty no mat-

ter how gray, gray streaked, or faded the hair has become.

La Creole must not be confused with dyes. Its effect is gradual and healthful, promoting the vigorous healthy condition of hair and scalp which nature intended. Two to five weeks' treatment will bring back any shade—lightest brown to deepest black—whatever the natural color was. Good taste and refinement approve the use of La Creole and there is no reason for making any secret of its use though it can never be detected. It gives no dyed appearance, cannot stain the scalp and there is nothing to wash or rub off. It eliminates dandruff and makes the hair soft, fluffy, lustrous and beautiful. Guaranteed to bring back the hair's color or money refunded.

All La Creole hair requisites are noted for their excellence

La Creole Hair Dressing . . .	\$1.00
La Creole Hair Tonic75
La Creole Liquid Shampoo50

At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters. If your dealer can't supply you, send his name and address. We will see that you are supplied.

**LA CREOLE LABORATORIES
Memphis, Tenn.**

La Creole Laboratories,
254 Tenth Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Please send booklet, "La Creole—Hair Beautiful," teaching the hair dress becoming each individual.

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*Quality First Is the Fundamental
Principle in the Manufacture of*

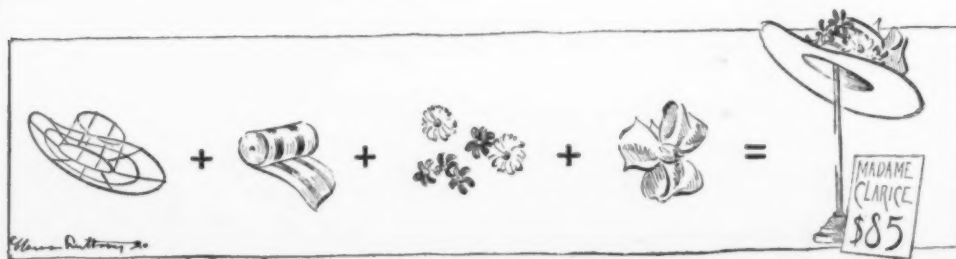
Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to well dressed men the world over. It not only keeps the old friends but makes many, many new ones each season. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

Made by GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON

*Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
for Women, Misses and Children*



EASTER ADDITION

renting my bungalow in the Adirondacks. I don't mind doing this sort of thing, even if it smacks of trade. It brings one down to the commonplace in a way that is not at all lowering, and in my case it was really patriotic.

I shall also send some flowers for the altar. I have a fancy for something quite out of the ordinary, however, and I shall send Blossoms, my man, up to my country place to get some of the early arbutus, or whatever else may be in bloom—something rather wild and original—something for the altar that quite suits the radical spirit of the times.

Dear me, how we have changed since the war!

These revolutions are extraordinary. Personally, I rather believe in them. But they do seem to recreate and bring forward so many intensely vulgar people. The old, precious forms are so hard to preserve. I have no doubt that the Easter service this year will cater to the vulgar element. Yet, after all, there is something, as I said, quite interesting about it. I feel that democracy, if it can ever be taught proper manners, is almost essential to our salvation.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen
corns so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

Better Tires *not* More Tires



EVERY motorist remembers how it was with his first car. If he heard the slightest unfamiliar noise—a piston slap or a buzzing gear or a creak in the body—it was a serious matter. His friends were always ready with some helpful advice.

But the only time his tires ever made a noise was when he had a blowout.

Then everybody laughed.

The owner generally put on a new tire, paid his losses cheerfully and tried again.

* * *

For years the irresponsible tire dealer traded on the good nature of American motorists.

His idea of business was to sell a man two tires to replace an old one

Every time a tire is left standing in a puddle of water, the tiniest hole is likely to let enough water through to loosen the fabric, separating it from the tread and allowing sand and gravel to work in. Go over your tires carefully every now and then and seal every cut or hole.

and to console him with the thought that after all motoring is a great "game."

Even today *not one motorist in five* is getting what he is entitled to in tires.

* * *

More and more the motorists of this country are learning that the remedy for high tire costs lies in *better tires*—not more tires.

And that getting better tires means first of all going to the legitimate

dealer—the man who sells the known article and does not attempt to substitute the unnamed or the unknown for the sake of more profits.

Since the beginning the United States Rubber Company has been looking forward to the time when motorists everywhere would come to *quality* in tires.

Building more tires *every* year, but never more than it could build in conformity with the highest standard of quality.

* * *

The responsible tire dealer never refers to his business as a game. It is a *business proposition* with him—and he knows the only way to make good in business is to make sure of the confidence of the motoring public.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three
factories

The oldest and largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches



FOR
MEN
AND
WOMEN

BEGAN
MANUFACTURING

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00 SHOES

BOYS'
SHOES
\$4.50
\$5.00
\$5.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 107 of our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-seven years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. If it has been changed or mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOE COMPANY,
147 SPARK STREET,
BROCKTON - MASS.

Hope Springs Eternal

What Mother Planned to Do During the Month:

READ Bergson; everybody else did it years ago, but somehow she never had time.

Catch up on Ibañez and Maeterlinck, and read a lot of French for practice.

Take Anne to a really good symphony concert.

Take Dick to "Julius Caesar" and the Museum of Archaeology.

Study Babbington Spruce on Child Psychology.

Prepare a club paper on Hyacinths in the Home.

Learn to run the car.

Make one of those dressy little slip-over blouses for herself.

What She Really Did:

Glanced at the newspapers.

Helped Dick over the shell-holes in *Gallia est omnis divisa*.

Chaperoned Anne's high-school box-party to see "Fluffy Piffles."

Took Dick to the dentist and Charlie Chaplin.

Studied Dr. Sparr on the after-treatment of measles.

Read all the Peter Rabbit literature five times to Bobbie during his convalescence.

Prepared chicken broth and cup custards.

Ran the furnace that week when everyone else had the "flu."

Darned stockings.

Kept things going generally.

Notice

WE have received a small consignment of the truth. We shall be glad to distribute it in small lots to those who can buy for cash.

If you have never heard of truth, we will say that it is the rarest thing in the world, and, for all practical purposes, useless! Coveted only by a few who are ready to run the risk of having it on their premises.

No customer can have more than one portion. And the portions are necessarily very small.

Before buying you must present your credentials. No newspapers, historians, theologians or congressmen need apply.



"SO THIS IS LIFE"

As Dumas and Stevenson Wrote

"Luca Sarto," by Charles S. Br... is a dashing, swinging story of love, venture and intrigue set in the Paris Villon and Louis XI. It is the kind of romance that Dumas and Stevenson wrote. It is beautifully done. We recommend "Luca Sarto" to readers like to be carried away on the wings of the imagination to other times and places.

"Luca Sarto" has no problems to agonize over. It does not belong to the Gloom Group. It is not a sick novel, a propaganda novel; it is not a novel at all. It is a rattling good story of a gay, brave and resourceful man, a hearted girl and villains ingenious and untiring.

"Luca Sarto" is published by Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.75.

*Let a box of Kuylers' Candy
be your Easter greeting*





CHASE
Leatherwove
 MADE BY SANFORD MILLS



THE UPHOLSTERY OF QUALITY
 A better material for all upholstery purposes—rich, distinctive grains and colors—especially durable — waterproof — economical. **RE-UPHOLSTER WITH LEATHERWOVE**—Obtain Samples from

L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON

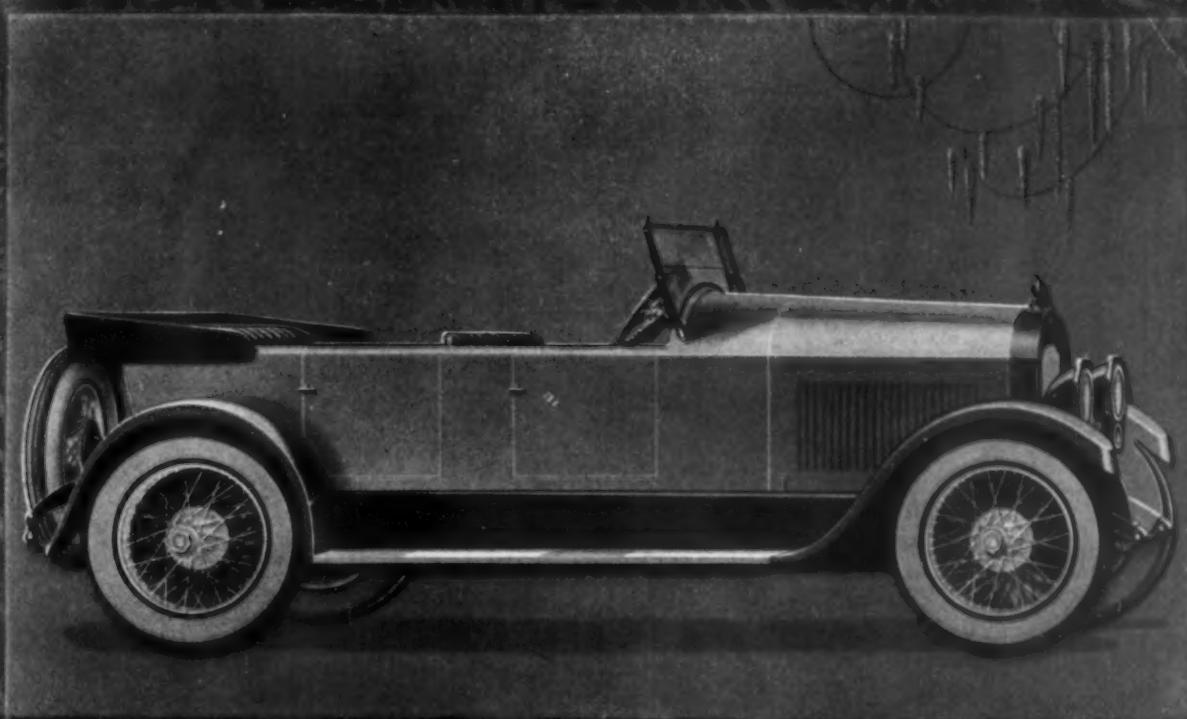
NEW YORK

DETROIT

SAN FRANCISCO

CHICAGO

THERE'S A TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN ALL COLE DOES TODAY



Sportster

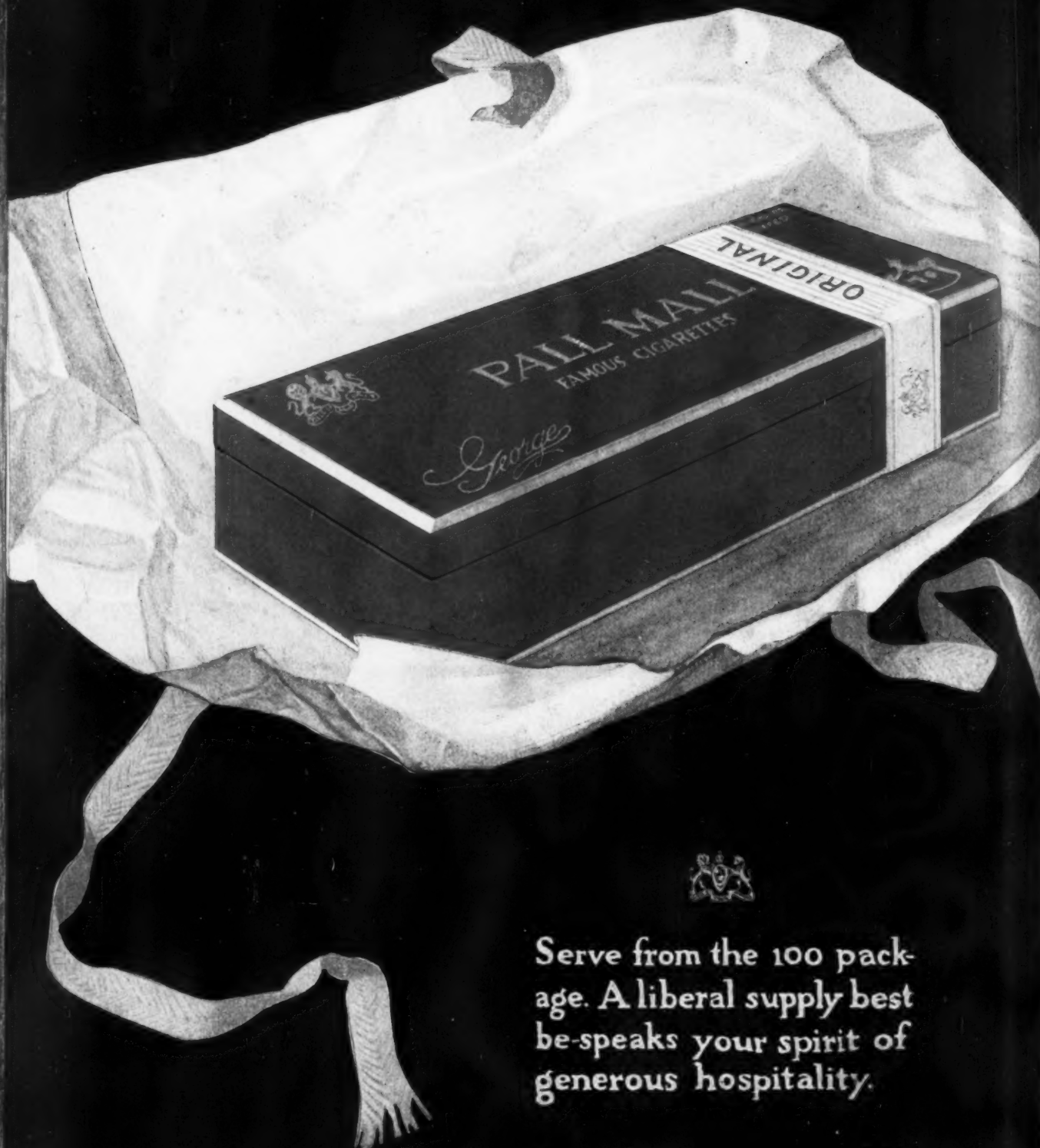
Cole Aero-EIGHT

THE CRITERION OF MOTOR CAR FASHIONS
GREATER PERFORMANCE EFFICIENCY



COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Cars



Serve from the 100 pack-
age. A liberal supply best
be-speaks your spirit of
generous hospitality.

Plain

Cork

"They are good taste"